A STUART SKETCH BOOK

1542—1746

H. FRANK WALLACE

Mary Saunders,

in gratitude for many

happy hours

Tom McArthur.

April 1960.

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1542–1746

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

From the Miniature in the possession of Colonel Cameron of Lochiel, C.M.G., A.D.C., D.L.

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1542 – 1746

By

H. FRANK WALLACE

Illustrated by the Author
and by LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

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Foreword

MOST of the pictures in this volume represent localities associated with Mary, Queen of Scots, or Prince Charlie. With their personalities and with the chief events connected with them I have therefore dealt fully in the text. The intervening period, from the accession of James I to the loss of the throne of Great Britain by James II, presented some difficulty. I finally decided, in order that the reader without reference to other works might follow the sequence of events leading up to the great adventure of the '45, to summarise the most important events of this period without going into too much detail. In the case of Charles II, one of the two most fascinating of all the Stuarts, I have allowed myself a little latitude.

H. F. W.

August, 1933.

Coat of Arms of the Grant family over the door of the Old House, Corriemony.

Contents

	Page
FOREWORD	5
INTRODUCTION	13
Chapter	
I. A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHIEF EVENTS OF QUEEN MARY'S REIGN IN SCOTLAND	17
II. THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND	23
III. THE QUEEN'S DESTRUCTION	28
IV. THE RIVAL QUEENS	33
V. JAMES I—CHARLES II	38
VI. CHARLES II—JAMES II	41
VII. JAMES II—ACT OF UNION, 1707	45
VIII. THE ACT OF UNION—1745	49
IX. A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE EVENTS OF THE '45	54
X. THE MILITARY POSITION IN THE '45	60
XI. SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE '45	68

List of Colour Plates

Prince Charles Edward	*From the Miniature in the possession of Colonel Cameron of Lochiel, C.M.G.*	*Frontispiece*	
The Priory of Inchmahome	*H. Frank Wallace*	*Facing Page*	84
Loch Leven Castle	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	86
Craigmillar Castle	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	88
The Glen of Weeping	*Lionel Edwards, R.I.*	,,	90
Eilean Donan Castle	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	92
Glenshiel, June 10th, 1719	*Lionel Edwards, R.I.*	,,	94
Prince Charlie's Landing Place	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	96
Glen Finnan	*Lionel Edwards, R.I.*	,,	98
Highbridge	*Lionel Edwards, R.I.*	,,	100
Loch Lochy	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	102
St. George's Bridge at Garvamore	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	104
The Corrieyairick Pass	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	106
The Battle of Falkirk	*Lionel Edwards, R.I.*	,,	108
The Battle of Culloden	*Lionel Edwards, R.I.*	,,	110
Loch Arkaig	*Lionel Edwards, R.I.*	,,	112
Ruthven Barracks	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	114
Glen Affaric	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	116
Fasnakyle and Strath Glass	*H. Frank Wallace*	,,	118

List of Black and White Illustrations

	Page
CARBERRY TOWER	4
COAT OF ARMS OF THE GRANT FAMILY	6
THE OLD HOUSE	15
CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE	22
LOCH EIL	37
INFANTRY OFFICER, 1745	48
A PETERARA OR PATTEROROE	59
COOKING POT USED BY PRINCE CHARLES	82
	86
	88
	90
	92
	94
	96
	98
	100
RUINS OF INVERGARRY CASTLE	102
TREES MARKING SITE OF RETIREMENT OF SIR JOHN COPE	106
STIRLING CASTLE	108
LEANACH FARM, CULLODEN	110
AFTER CULLODEN—FUGITIVES	112
"TACKSMAN" AND SECOND-LINE HIGHLANDERS	114
MACKENZIE'S GRAVE	116
A HIGHLAND PRISONER	118

ERRATA

Page 11, line 7. For "Patteroroe" read "Patteraroe."

Page 96, Plate facing. For "Loch-nan-Uam" read "Loch-nan-Uamh."

Introduction

IT is now many years ago that, staying at a little Highland inn, I came across the four volumes by Drummond Norie entitled "The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart." For a ridiculously small sum they became mine. In one is the picture of a house which I have known ever since I was a small boy, and which is now my home. It was built in 1740 by Alexander Grant. Over the front door he set his coat-of-arms, and on either side of the date his own and his wife's initials. I still like to think that the grooves worn in the side of the stone doorway were made by the edges of swords and dirks which were carried at Culloden.

The house is typical of those in which small Highland lairds lived, white-harled, with tall, narrow windows, and a great beam sliding into a wall-socket to protect the door.

"Their houses were sometimes built with stones or lime, but sometimes in the manner of huts. . . . There was no very great gulf in some cases between gentry and peasantry where comfort was concerned." So wrote Andrew Lang.

In Glen Urquhart, at the time of the '45, lived three Alexanders, all of whom were involved in the Rising—Grant of Corriemony, Grant of Shewglie and Mackay of Achmony.

Grant of Corriemony, after telling Lovat what he thought of him and his intrigues, which threw the old man into a passion, joined the Prince at Inverness the night before Culloden. In the battle he received two severe wounds. Carried off the field, he hid in a cave below the Falls of Morrall, a mile or so from his new house. Here he lay for several weeks. Some forty years ago the remains of the wooden bedstead which he used were still to be seen. In the same year in which his house was built he married Jean, only surviving child of Lieut. John Ogilvie of Kempcairn in the parish of Keith.

After Culloden, Cumberland sent a party of soldiers under the command of an officer named Ogilvie to Glen Urquhart. Achmony and Shewglie were burnt. Corriemony was to have shared the same fate, but seeing the initials over the door, Ogilvie spared the house for the sake of Mrs. Grant.

She bore her husband twelve children. Then, being left a widower, he married Catherine Fraser. By her he had one son. She too died, and he married, as his third wife, Alicia MacDonald. Alexander Grant himself died at Nairn in 1797, aged eighty-one.

Thus my interest in Highland history was aroused. Many of the hills over which Prince Charlie wandered, from Knoydart to Lochaber, and from Morar to Glen Cannich, haunted then as now by the red deer, I know well. About them clings a romantic interest which will endure as long as they themselves.

Scotland, not unjustly, has been called the land of romance; though to attach a label to a country is scarcely less dangerous than to do so to an individual. Among those to whom romance attaches the Stuarts may rightly claim pre-eminence. Their glories lie in the past, but the scenes, sadly as some have altered, amid which they worked out their destinies still remain. In this book an attempt has been made to represent some of them as they are today. Their selection, involving much time and travel, has not been easy. Many localities are unsuited for pictorial representation; others are too well known to bear repetition. Langside is but the suburb of a great city, from which sober and sedate citizens go to and from their work with never a thought of the wild heart of Mary nor of the fears which beset her on that May morning so long ago. Falkirk is begrimed by smoke, and the walls of Linlithgow, most beautiful of palaces, stand stark and bare. The improvements of one age are the relics of the next. Such utilitarian monstrosities as the new road through Glencoe, such offensive abortions as span the Etive and the Findhorn, may be necessities, though why the beautiful lines of Wade's bridges could not have been followed is hard to surmise. The old General's tracks still wind among the heather; his arches still span the ever-running streams. They serve in many instances but as highways for ghosts. Nor are these ghosts so remote as would at first appear. There died only last year an old lady who had lived for close upon a hundred and twelve years. She, as a girl, might easily have seen—have even spoken to!—Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, who died in May, 1838. He, in his youth, visited his great-grandmother the Princess de Chalais, who was born in the reign of James II, the grandfather of Prince Charlie and the great-grandson of Mary, Queen of Scots. So do the lives of individuals link epochs.

My thanks are due to many in the preparation of this book, and especially to Lionel Edwards, without whose help and encouragement

it would never have seen the light. Any success it may achieve is due largely to him and to the pictures, its chief adornment, which he has contributed. He is also responsible for many of the military details.

I am particularly indebted to Colonel Donald Cameron of Lochiel for so generously allowing the miniature of Prince Charlie, presented by the Prince to the "Gentle Lochiel" of the '45, to be reproduced. Captain J. M. Grant of Glen Moriston, the late Sir Arthur Nicholson of Arisaig, Lieut.-Col. MacRae-Gilstrap of Eilean Donan, Captain Walter Baillie Hamilton, Mr. C. I. Fraser of Reelig, Mrs. Ryan and Mr. Evan Barron have helped me in various ways. Brig.-Gen. Evans and Mr. G. Brennon have been kind enough to supply information on military matters. Lastly, I must express my gratitude to Mr. Alistair Tayler, who generously volunteered to correct my MS.

No experienced student of Stuart affairs need open the present volume in the expectation of learning anything unknown with regard to that attractive but ill-fated race. The utmost that I can hope for is that it may give a little pleasure to those who love to linger in the byways of Scottish history and kindle a spark in ashes long grown cold.

THE OLD HOUSE

Chapter I

A Brief History of the Chief Events of Queen Mary's Reign in Scotland

"Ah me! Unhappy!
To be a queen and crowned with infamy."
Henry VI, Pt. II, Act III, Sc. 2.

JAMES V—"The Goodman of Ballangeich"—was but seventeen months old when he succeeded to the Crown on the death of his father at Flodden. Thirty years later, as he lay dying at Falkland, broken-hearted over the rout of Solway Moss, the birth of his little daughter at the Palace of Linlithgow was announced to him. "It came with a lass and it will go with a lass!" he exclaimed, and turned his face to the wall.

In the middle of the twelfth century Walter Fitzalan, Lord of Oswestry in Shropshire, entering the service of the Scottish kings, became Hereditary High Steward. Young Walter Stewart, or Stuart (to which the spelling was altered by Queen Mary), his descendant, fought at Bannockburn, and so pleased with his bravery was the Bruce that he gave him in marriage his daughter Marjory. Their son Robert mounted the throne in 1371 and is known as Robert II.

It was to these facts that the dying James referred. Mary, his daughter, was born on December 8th, 1542, and on December 14th her father died.

The life of Mary, Queen of Scots, falls naturally into three well-defined periods.

The first starts with her birth, comprises her childhood, the early part of which was spent in Scotland, and her girlhood in France from her arrival as a child of five until she left it, a widowed Queen, at the age of eighteen.

The second dates from her arrival at Leith, August 19th, 1561, to the

end of her short reign. Into those seven years is crammed enough excitement to satisfy the most exacting romanticist, including two mysteries, the facts of which have not yet and probably never will be solved definitely—the murder of Darnley and the marriage with Bothwell.

The Queen was imprisoned in Loch Leven Castle on June 17th, 1567. She escaped in the following May, and a few days later was defeated at the battle of Langside. This brief fortnight was the only taste of freedom she enjoyed from the date of her escape until her death.

The third period may be said to have begun on July 15th, 1568, after she had crossed the Solway into England, when she was taken as a prisoner to Bolton Castle. It ended at Fotheringay, February 8th, 1587.

It is the middle period, when she was Queen of Scotland, with which we are concerned.

She was a beautiful child and won all hearts. Henry VIII wanted to marry her to his son, and had he lived Mary's destiny might have been very different, but on January 28th, 1547, Henry died, and in September of the same year the Lord Protector, the Duke of Somerset, passed into Scotland. On September 10th the battle of Pinkie was fought, close to the spot which was to mark so disastrous a turning-point in Mary's history twenty years later.

The little girl, who was playing happily in her nursery in Stirling Castle, was hastily removed for her greater security to the monastery of Inchmahome, situated on an island in the Lake of Menteith. Here she stayed until February, 1548, according to one account; according to another only for a few weeks.

On August 2nd of that year she was placed on board a French ship at Dumbarton, and on August 15th landed at Roscoff in Brittany, to which harbour many years later came another Stuart, one of her descendants. In France she remained, and these must have been the happiest years of her life. There are many tributes in letters and documents of the time testifying to her charm, disposition and intelligence.

On April 24th, 1558, she was married with great pomp and ceremony to Francis, the Dauphin, the son of Henry II. In November of the same year Mary of England died, and Elizabeth, her sister, reigned in her stead.

On July 10th, 1559, Henry II of France was accidentally killed in a tournament, by Montgomery, Captain of the Scots Guards, and was succeeded by Francis II. Mary was now, at the age of sixteen, Queen of

France. Her father-in-law had, most injudiciously, set forward her claims to be Queen of England, and the arms of England were quartered on her scutcheon. This was one of the first steps in the chain of events which led to her undoing.

On June 11th, 1560, her mother, Mary of Guise, Queen Regent, died in Scotland. The Lords of the Congregation now dominated that country, with the egregious John Knox, in his own opinion dominating them.

On December 6th in the same year Francis II died and Mary was left alone. Catherine de Medici, the Queen-Mother, had never been in sympathy with her young daughter-in-law, and the latter determined to go to Scotland. William Cecil, whose influence brought her ultimately to the block, in a letter to the Earl of Sussex, says: "The Scottish Queen passed by sea into Scotland the 19th of this month (August, 1561). . . . She hath no soldiers nor train but a few household. She meaneth to commit herself to the trust of her own." Truly a brave girl!

This beautiful and attractive young woman, fresh from the most cultured and luxurious court in Europe, was thus plunged suddenly into a barren and desolate country, the nobles even of which were in many cases but little better than barbaric savages. No wonder she wept on leaving France, and fully aware as she was of Elizabeth's plan to kidnap her on the voyage, exclaimed to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton (whom Sir Henry Wotton had characterised as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country"), "Peradventure that casualty might be better for me than to live: in this matter God's will be fulfilled."

She was to exist now, surrounded by men not one of whom she could trust, all intent on using her for their own ends, in the midst of plots and intrigues from the consequences of which she was powerless to defend herself. Her half-brother, the bastard Moray, Morton and Maitland of Lethington were the major villains, to say nothing of such minor actors as Ruthven, Bothwell, Darnley and the like.

On August 11th, 1562, Mary rode on a tour of the North, and at the end of the month was at Aberdeen. In September she arrived at Inverness. An old house still stands, fronting the bridge, which is said to have sheltered her. Moray and Lethington had arranged a plot for the elimination of Huntly, "The Cock of the North," whose lands Moray coveted. On October 17th Huntly was "put to the horn"; near Aberdeen his forces were overwhelmed at the battle of Corrichie, October 28th, and he himself perished.

Then came the long-drawn plots and counterplots, arranged by Elizabeth and her ministers with regard to Mary's marriage. Various suitors were proposed: the Archduke Charles of Austria; Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara; the King of Sweden; the King of Denmark; the Prince of Condé; the Duke of Norfolk; Don Carlos, son of Philip II of Spain; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; and finally Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. Him she married on July 29th, 1565, at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. She was twenty-two, her bridegroom nineteen.

Moray was at the head of a conspiracy to kidnap Mary and Darnley and to hand over the latter to the English at Berwick. Mary was to have been imprisoned and Moray would have seized the reins of power. On August 14th he and Argyll were outlawed, and the former, in October, fled to England.

Mary had appointed David Rizzio her secretary. Darnley, who had made a friend of him, was won over to agree to his murder. A more despicable figure than Darnley it is impossible to imagine. He had been loaded with honours and affection by Mary, and her love and trust he repaid with a treachery and brutality to which no parallel can be found. Rizzio was murdered, as all the world knows, on March 9th, 1566, under circumstances of appalling savagery in the presence of the Queen.

On June 19th James VI was born in Edinburgh Castle. That he ever came into the world at all is due to his mother's splendid courage and endurance.

At the end of October she was taken desperately ill while at Jedburgh and was thought to be dying. She recovered, and on December 17th her son was christened in Stirling Castle. Elizabeth was sufficiently generous to send a gold font. It was the last scene of magnificence in Mary's short reign.

On February 10th, 1567, Darnley was murdered. His dead body, with that of one of his servants, was found strangled near a house in Kirk o' Field which had been blown up with gunpowder. That Mary was privy to the murder is hard to believe.

On April 24th she was captured by Bothwell as she was returning to Edinburgh from Stirling. He carried her to the Castle of Dunbar, and on May 15th she was married to him in the Old Chapel of the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

On June 10th Morton took command of the Confederate Lords and issued a proclamation that they intended to rescue Mary from Bothwell.

The two armies met at Carberry Hill on June 15th, though neither wished to engage in the serious business of fighting. Bothwell offered to engage, in single combat, anyone of equal rank, preferably Morton. Morton put up Patrick, Lord Lindsay of the Byres. Bothwell was willing, but Mary refused to allow the combat.

Later in the evening, the Lords having agreed to serve and honour her if she would leave Bothwell, she surrendered to Kirkcaldy of Grange, who had turned traitor, though this she did not know. Bothwell was allowed to escape, as a curious old print of the time shows.

Mary and the Lords rode into Edinburgh. Howled at and insulted by the mob, the poor girl was nearly demented. The Lords were afraid to murder her themselves, and if they allowed others to do so they dreaded the vengeance of those who were loyal to the Queen.

The next day, secretly and in charge of the roughest brutes in the syndicate, Lindsay and Ruthven, they sent her to Loch Leven. This she reached in the early summer morning June 17th, 1567.

On July 24th she was forced to sign a deed of abdication, and on July 29th James, her son, was crowned at Stirling.

The Queen was confined in Loch Leven Castle until May 2nd, 1568. On that date with the aid of "Little Willie Douglas" she escaped, and under the escort of Lord Claud Hamilton fled to West Niddry. Early the next morning she reached Hamilton House.

Moray and his gang summoned an army to Glasgow to fight for King James against his mother.

Mary's army was inferior in numbers, but it was increasing. Many were hastening to her cause, but the Hamiltons thought that they could beat Moray and forced the issue. On May 13th at the battle of Langside, now a suburb of Glasgow, Mary's army was defeated and she was forced to fly. It is difficult to see what other course was open to her. As she herself said, "it was impossible for her to remain safely in any part of her realm, not knowing whom to trust." To murder at the hands of the syndicate, or an imprisonment even more rigorous than that of Loch Leven, her only alternative was flight. She resolved to throw herself on the mercy of Elizabeth, who had so often promised her aid.

On May 16th she embarked at a little creek a mile or two from Dundrennan Abbey, now called Port Mary, and reached Workington on the coast of Cumberland that same evening.

On July 13th, after a stay at Carlisle, in spite of tears, threats and

entreaties, she was forced to start for Bolton Castle. This she reached two days later, and her long capitvity in England began.

Moray and his gang had triumphed, though their work was not finally completed until that cold gloomy day, February 8th, 1587, at Fotheringay, when one of the most romantic figures in history found at last the peace which, in this world, she had always been denied.

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE

Chapter II

The Queen's Arrival in Scotland

"The fairest queen that ever crown receiv'd."
King Henry VI, Pt. II, Act I, Sc. 1.

THE Queen's arrival in Scotland was welcomed by few. Knox and the Lords of the Congregation held the real power, and any interference with that power they were prepared bitterly to resent. Regarding Mary's position from a detached standpoint, the wonder is, not that she fell, but that she was able to maintain her position for so long.

She arrived in a thick mist, which the godly Knox regarded as a divine warning of the troublous future. No preparations had been made for her reception, which strengthens the belief that her half-brother Moray had, in his usual underhand manner, been engaged in an endeavour to secure her capture during the passage from France by means of the English fleet.

The Queen dined in the house of one Captain Andrew Lambie of Leith before proceeding with a miserably mounted retinue to Edinburgh. During her progress she found the opportunity to perform one of her customary acts of clemency by pardoning some youths who had rescued one of their companions from the gallows. His crime was that he had taken the part of Robin Hood in some May Day festivities. Knox and his subservient bailies were anxious in their usual kindly fashion to hang the lot, being as much set against any popular form of enjoyment as some of our modern rulers and governors.

Arrived in Edinburgh, then a small city of red-roofed houses stretching from the Castle to Holyrood, five or six hundred fellows "with vile fiddles and little rebecs" serenaded the Queen beneath the walls of the palace. Their attempt at entertainment was not much appreciated by Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé de Brantôme. He it was who said of the Queen, "No man ever beheld her without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

A week passed "in mirth and quietness," to quote Knox, but he took good care that such conditions should not continue. Mary had Mass celebrated on Sunday, and the Reformer's zealots, seizing the opportunity, made an attack on Holyrood and endeavoured to kill the priest. With the aid of Moray he escaped.

To attempt to visualise the men by whom Mary was surrounded is not altogether easy. Almost without exception they had one characteristic in common: each was out for himself. They were loyal to the Queen so long as it suited them, but each and all of them were ready to turn traitor on the slightest provocation.

Three stand out prominently, Moray, Morton and Maitland of Lethington. James Stuart, Earl of Moray, was the bastard half-brother of the Queen. If, when reading of the '15 and the '45, we are conscious all the while of the intriguing figure of Simon Lovat lurking in the background, so, when studying the events of Mary's reign, we are aware in all the plots and counterplots, the scheming and the treachery by which she was surrounded, of the bluff, bearded figure of the Prior of St. Andrew's—"The Stainless Regent."

Should any questionable affair be in train, Moray took good care to "looke throw his fingeris." If any deed of violence by which he would ultimately benefit was about to take place, Moray could always be counted upon to provide a useful alibi by turning up twenty-four hours after it had been committed. He may have been the high-principled patriot he is accounted by some, but, even judging him by the standards of his own age, many of his acts would scarcely be accounted for satisfactorily by an impartial investigator. Ostensibly he aided Mary until her marriage with Darnley, when his failure to approve led to his exile.

It is impossible to disbelieve that, though outwardly Mary's friend, he in reality plotted against her from the first. He urged her to come to Scotland, yet there is strong evidence to prove that he was, at the same time, plotting with Elizabeth for her capture. He certainly made plans to seize her after her marriage, his amiable intention being to imprison her, as he afterwards succeeded in doing, and to hand over Darnley and his father to Elizabeth. He was privy to the Rizzio plot, and indeed every plot that was aimed against his sister. There is no possible doubt that his sole aim was to secure all power in Scotland for himself and by fair means or foul get himself appointed to the office of Regent.

Morton, with his bushy red beard and moustache, small grey eyes and upright and erect carriage, was, in ability, inferior to Moray, and in

intelligence to Lethington. His "sanctimonious snuffle" is not endearing, and like all the rest who preyed on the Queen his motives were entirely self-seeking. Through most of the disasters which befell his contemporaries, his canny Scots caution bore him unharmed, but Nemesis overtook him at last, and we feel no regret at his fate when, in 1581, he was executed for his share in the murder of Darnley.

Maitland of Lethington, "the flower of the wits of Scotland," according to Elizabeth, and "a sort of Scotch Cecil" in the opinion of de Foix, with his peaked face, long straight nose, brown eyes and hair, was "a lad o' pairts." He boasted that before he had done with Elizabeth he would make her "sit upon her tail and whine, like ane whippet hound." His prophetic powers, however, were not justified by subsequent events! Office was his sole ambition. Though he played the traitor to Mary and was in Elizabeth's pay, he subsequently returned to his old allegiance and was besieged in Edinburgh Castle with Kirkcaldy of Grange.

On its capture with the aid of English troops, he escaped his fate by dying, whether by taking poison or not is uncertain.

"His activities were not aimed at Mary personally, nor were they inspired by any animosity towards her. He simply wished to prevent Scotland from becoming a province of France." So writes Mr. Dakers, and this is the key to Lethington's acts.

These were the chief plotters against the Queen. There comes into view a crowd of supernumerary villains, scarcely an honest man among them: the haggard Ruthven, conspicuous at Rizzio's murder, with his clanking armour and ghastly face; his son Patrick, who bore the captive Queen to Loch Leven; Lindsay of the Byres, whom Bothwell wished to meet in single combat at Carberry; Archibald Douglas, kinsman to Morton, "a versatile man of considerable charm"; George Douglas, a natural son of the Earl of Angus, who acted the part of pimp to Darnley; the other George Douglas who befriended the Queen at Loch Leven and accompanied her eventually to England; Chastelard, the poet, who was executed for hiding beneath her bed after he had once been pardoned for a similar offence; du Croc, the French ambassador, and Randolph, the representative of Elizabeth; Nicolas Hubert—"French Paris"—the page of Bothwell, who played a part in Darnley's murder; James Hamilton, second Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelherault, weak and ineffectual; Sir James Balfour, traitorous and sinister, the confidential adviser of Moray; Ker of Fawdonside, his pistol held to the Queen's breast; Patrick Bellenden, a brother of the Justice Clerk, who thrust at

her with his rapier; Kirkcaldy of Grange, "humble, gentle and like a lamb in the house," but a lion in the field, who deserted Mary for a time, returned to his allegiance and died at the capture of Edinburgh Castle, being hanged "with his face to the sun," as Knox had prophesied. His memorial, placed on the Castle Rock, is worth recording: "In memory of Sir William Kirkcaldy, justly reputed to be one of the best soldiers and most accomplished cavaliers of his time. He held the Castle for Queen Mary from May 1568 to May 1573, and after its honourable surrender, suffered death for devotion to her cause on 3rd August 1573." These all appeared and disappeared in the warp and woof of Mary's life in Scotland.

Apart from the Mass, the troubles of the Queen came to a head when the question of her marriage was seriously considered. Knox held forth publicly against the iniquity of a match with a "stinking Papist," and though protesting that "he never delyted in the weaping of any of Goddis creatures," successfully reduced the poor young Queen to tears. On another occasion he seems to have frightened her into hysterics and spent a profitable morning scolding her ladies and "French fillocks" for their lightheartedness and fondness for pretty clothes.

Knox was a narrow, uncharitable bigot with a pagan mind and a proper regard for his own skin, but he was honest according to his lights, and his outspoken denunciations are, at least, preferable to the nasty treachery of George Buchanan. Of Knox, Sir Edward Parry writes: "Once in Scotland among his own people, he was a religious and political boss issuing his own orders and decrees without any reference to the wishes of Calvin in Geneva," who did not at all approve of his extreme methods.

In spite of his wholesale denunciations against women he does not seem to have been able to get on without them. He exchanged letters at great length with many feminine correspondents, mingled his tears with theirs at afternoon parties, and was pursued by their attentions as hotly as any good-looking curate of a modern fashionable church. At the age of fifty-nine he was still going strong and married Margaret Stewart, the daughter of Lord Ochiltree, "a young lass not above sixteen years of age," by whom he had two sons.

The earlier part of Mary's reign in Scotland cannot have been altogether unhappy. She did not as yet know the factions and prejudices which she had to fight, and she had not lost the habit of laughter. Sir Herbert Maxwell has drawn an attractive little picture of the Queen

and "the four maidis of honour quha passit with hir Hieness in France of her awin aige, bering the name everie ane of Marie," the four who had been with her in the happy seclusion of Inchmahome when she was a little girl, Mary Beton, Mary Fleming, Mary Seton and Mary Livingstone. "They sat and worked at embroidery, while one made music or read aloud," and in sunny weather would stroll in the gardens of Holyrood, which were then so much more beautiful than now.

There were fêtes, hunting and hawking, golf and pall (a kind of croquet); or indoors, when the weather was wet and not so cold that the Queen had to stay in bed to keep warm, billiards, dice or backgammon. The Queen rejoiced in pretty clothes, which annoyed Knox, and sometimes would wander through the streets in male apparel, which "caused mens tongues to chatter faste," as was scarcely to be wondered at.

This was a pastime her father had loved, and great fun it must have been. She was fond of learning, too, and daily after dinner read Livy with Mr. George Buchanan who, on his death-bed, somewhat late, repented of the trouble and evil he had caused her by his "Detectio."

It is, perhaps, not easy for us to appreciate today the consequences of religious persecution. It should always be remembered when considering the conduct of the Queen that she had been brought up to consider Protestantism the main cause of the wars and tumults which had swept over Europe. She had thus come to regard the followers of Knox as the enemies of Church and State. Yet at Jedburgh, when she thought herself dying, she urged those around her to maintain the religious toleration which she had practised, saying that "she had never persecuted one of her subjects on the score of religion." Her desire to worship God in her own way was natural; her desire that her subjects should do so proves her far in advance of her age. Tolerant herself, she could not understand the turmoil her forbearance caused in the minds of others, and this, in part, was responsible for her downfall.

Chapter III

The Queen's Destruction

"Glory and loveliness have passed away."
KEATS.

THE destruction of the Queen, under the conditions which prevailed, was inevitable. Speculations on the lines of "A Jacobite Fantasy," which Sir Charles Petrie has included in his fascinating book "The Jacobite Movement," are idle but none the less intriguing.

What Mary always hoped to find and never succeeded in discovering was a strong man on whose loyalty she could depend. Had she done so, her life might have run a very different course. This underlying motive explains not only her attachment to Rizzio, but her marriage with Darnley and the subsequent disaster with Bothwell. That her relations with the secretary were of a guilty nature there is not a particle of evidence to prove. Mary, like most of her race, loved music, poetry, pretty clothes, the things which make life pleasant. Rizzio, though ugly, being dwarfish and deformed, was a merry fellow with a beautiful voice. This it was which first attracted the Queen's notice. Acting on the suggestion of her uncle, the Cardinal de Lorraine, who thought that in a confidential capacity his very appearance would disarm suspicion, she asked the Marquis d'Elbœuf to persuade the Court de Moretta, in whose train the singer had come to Scotland, to relinquish his services.

She trusted him. He was useful, though his position about her person created jealousy among the nobles who hoped to use her as their tool. Their jealousy did not prevent them from toadying to him, nor from endeavouring to persuade him, when occasion arose, to use his influence with the Queen to further their own ends. "The Stainless Regent" was not above sending him a valuable diamond in an endeavour to enlist his help, at the very moment when plotting against him.

Darnley, at first, made a friend of him, but Darnley was weak, vain, swollen-headed and faithless.

In Darnley Mary thought she had found the man she sought, and when Mary's affections were engaged she surrendered whole-heartedly.

Indeed, many of her misfortunes arose from the fact that she was so easily swayed by those with whom she was brought into immediate contact. Her heart governed her head.

She and Darnley had already met in France, and of all the suitors whose names were brought before her, he alone engaged her fancy. From a political and a religious point of view the match was a suitable one. Elizabeth, it is true, never intended the marriage to take place, and was furious when it became an accomplished fact. To have palmed off her minion, Robert Dudley, on the Queen would better have suited her plans. Not unnaturally the idea of marrying Elizabeth's cast-off lover did not appeal to Mary.

Darnley was a presentable youth. He danced well, wrote a very good hand, was fond of music and hunting, and was in the direct line to the throne. Mary fell in love with him. Not long did it take her to realise her mistake. Within a few weeks of her marriage she found herself tied to a shallow, worthless braggart who repaid her love with indifference, and sulked when his wishes were not immediately granted. His insolence and overbearing manner made him detested, and the Scottish nobles of Mary's court were ill men to antagonise. Says Andrew Lang: "The Scottish nobility at this time were the most avaricious, bloody and treacherous of all the generations which had banded, robbed and betrayed in Scotland." At the moment they upheld Mary because it suited their plans; they upheld Darnley because he was the Queen's husband; and they upheld Knox and his Kirk because they wished to retain possession of the wealth and lands which they had seized from the old Church. But on anyone they were ready to turn at a moment's notice if it suited their plans.

High though Mary had raised Darnley, great the honours with which she had loaded him, the Crown matrimonial was his ambition. Rizzio, he believed, was using his influence with the Queen to thwart him in this, and his friendship turned to hate.

The band against Rizzio was formed, with Darnley as one of the signatories. Moray, Morton, Maitland, Argyll, Glencairn, Rothes, Boyd and Ochiltree were privy to it, while there is more than a suspicion that the godly Knox was aware of what was going on.

Whatever sympathy we may feel for Darnley as the hands of his murderers clutch his throat on that dark night in the gardens of Kirk o' Field and we hear the echo of his pathetic bleat, "I am yet but young!" it is swept aside as we look into the little supper-room which

still stands in the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Lit by one guttering candle, held by Lady Argyll, he stands there one of the most craven figures in history. Flushed, half-fuddled with wine, he clutches his beautiful young wife round the waist as the ruffians who have crowded in drag their shrieking victim through the narrow door, and his cries grow fainter as their reeking weapons are withdrawn.

That his sign manual might not go unobserved, one of the murderers plunged the King's dagger into the still warm body.

Many husbands have treated their wives badly. Few wives had more cause to loathe their husbands than Queen Mary. Had she connived at his death, as some still believe, every excuse was there. Those who follow her history must form their own judgment, but there is little doubt that Darnley richly deserved his fate. With the death of Rizzio, Mary lost one of her few friends; she had lost another long before the night of Kirk o' Field; her half-brother Moray she knew was false to her, though to him she had given unstinted trust; the last in whom she was to place her faith likewise betrayed her. James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, though not one of the old noblesse, was far from being the illiterate Border ruffian that many imagine. Throckmorton, in 1560, described him to Elizabeth as "a glorious, rash and hazardous young man."

He was dissolute, quarrelsome and ambitious, though he made no attempt as did others to hide his shortcomings and vices under the cloak of religion. An educated man, he was always an upholder of Scottish rights against England, being one of the few Scottish noblemen of any prominence who was not in the pay of Elizabeth and Cecil. He had been consistently faithful to the Queen-Mother, and hated Moray and Lethington as traitors. With all his faults he was a man; he was strong and courageous, qualities that Mary loved, and of which she stood most in need. Small wonder that she turned to him. "She owed her restoration to his bold spirit and strong arm," as Sir Herbert Maxwell rightly says. He may have been cold, indifferent, heartless; Mary the pursuer, he the pursued. He may, as contemporary gossip stated and as Maitland told du Croc, have regarded Lady Bothwell as his wife and the Queen as his mistress; the fact remains that in the eyes of Mary he was her one hope.

How, under like conditions, would any young woman of the present day act?

Imagine a girl of twenty-four, brought up amid beautiful surroundings, beloved by all around her, great nobles and their ladies, people of

birth and breeding, petted and flattered, suddenly transported to a land unknown, a land grey and unfriendly, where everything was strange, and the inhabitants all intent on their own aggrandisement. Picture her situation. In an advanced state of pregnancy (when, whatever they may do at other times, women can certainly not be considered to act normally) her best friend is suddenly murdered before her eyes under circumstances of appalling brutality and she herself is threatened with an equally violent death—in the presence, moreover, and with the connivance of a husband whom she has already good grounds for mistrusting. Surrounded on all sides by plots and factions of which she can but dimly guess the import, there is not one single person on whom she can rely. Her religion is assailed and mocked, while those who profess it are classed with the scum of the jails; suffering in health, distracted in mind, beset by difficulties and problems which seem unsurmountable, what would any modern young woman do, if, in such circumstances, she were offered the help, the devotion, the loyalty of a man who had been consistently and loyally faithful to her and hers—a man, moreover, who offered the sole chance of escape from the difficulties and dangers by which she was surrounded? She would unhesitatingly accept his help. So did Mary Stuart.

She knew he was married; she had been present at the wedding; she knew he had had intrigues with many women; she probably did not know that he was one of the signatories of the Darnley band, indeed she believed that the plot was aimed quite as much at herself as at her husband, in which she may well have been correct; that she connived at her own abduction is far from being proved. Bothwell declared that he would have her by her leave or without, and when she found herself a prisoner in his hands at Dunbar she collapsed. Her abductor may have used his magic arts—even the Reverend Knox was not above a suspicion of a little byplay in this direction—he may have weakened what little resistance there was with philtres and love potions. If he did, these can only have completed the destruction of an opposition already more than half destroyed. For the Queen was absolutely in his power. Strong though she was, she had encountered enough misfortunes to have brought about the wreck of a woman even more courageous. She may well have thought, "This is the end. Why struggle further?" The testimony is ample that she came forth from Dunbar a broken, changed woman. Five days after her marriage "the opinion of divers is that the Queen is the most changed woman of face, that in so little time, without ex-

tremity of sickness, they have seen." She told du Croc the day after her marriage that "he must not be surprised if he saw her sorrowful, for she could not rejoice nor ever should again. All she desired was death." She called for a knife with which to kill herself, this adulterous girl who had just achieved her heart's desire!

That she recovered, later, something of her old gallantry and vigour is true, but at the moment she was done.

Yet even in the stress of Dunbar she could think of others and saved Lethington's life when Bothwell would have killed him. Perhaps the remembrance of this came to Lethington a few days later, after the surrender at Carberry, as he passed beneath the window of the house where she was imprisoned. The thought must have gnawed at his conscience as he slouched up the High Street and her despairing cries grew fainter, while he pulled his bonnet over his face to hide its shamed expression. It must have come to him again years later in the Castle when his treachery was past and he knew that only death could save him from the hangman's noose, as it failed to save Kirkcaldy of Grange.

But Mary's ruin was accomplished. All that was left to her was life-long imprisonment save for the few brief days of freedom in the following year.

Few women have had so tragic a life; few women have left so deathless a memory.

Chapter IV

The Rival Queens

"Which is the greatest lady?"
Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 1.

WHETHER we regard Mary as a passionate, immoral, vindictive woman, or as a greatly wronged, generous-hearted girl, the victim of circumstance and the plaything of faction, the study of her character and of the times in which she lived is one of absorbing interest. She is, indeed, one of the most romantic figures in history.

Strictly speaking, she may not have been beautiful. The standard of beauty varies with the age, but that she possessed the much more fatal gift of charm is undoubted. The godly Campbell of Kineancleuch indeed supposed that she had about her "some inchantment whereby men are bewitched."

She was tall, like her mother, Mary of Guise, with a good figure, long slender hands, and a complexion pale and clear. Her hair was a reddish golden-brown, though she not infrequently during her captivity wore wigs of various shades, as was the custom at this period. Her eyes were clear and searching, hazel or chestnut in colour, with heavy eyelids and arched brows. In several of her portraits there is a suggestion of a slight cast. In shape her face was oval, small and with a broad, high forehead, full lips, firmly closed, and a strong rounded chin. "Her smile," wrote Ronsard, "was like the first blush of dawn upon a rippling sea." Of all the pictures of her, the drawing by Clouet at Chantilly, done when she was a little girl, is perhaps the most attractive. Authentic portraits are limited in number and well known.

The question of her health has not been taken sufficiently into account by many historians, for though she was fond of hunting and riding she was not, physically, a strong woman. Subject to sudden fainting attacks, or fits, these were often of a serious nature, and in General Mahon's opinion epileptic in character. The pain in her side, which often caused her serious inconvenience, became more marked after the birth of James. A woman of extraordinary courage, she wished she were a man

"to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk on the causeway, with a jack or knapschalle (helmet), a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword."

When she was scarcely more than a child her uncle Francis, Duc de Guise, himself a famous soldier, said to her: "You are as brave as my bravest men-at-arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well."

This is Sir James Melville's description of her "princely qualities":

"Sche was sa effable, sa gratious and discret, that she wan gret estymation, and the hartis of many baith in England and Scotland, and myn amang the rest; so that I thocht her mair worthy to be servit for litle proffet than any uther Prence in Europe for gret commodite. Then sche was naturally liberall mair than sche had moyen. . . . Sche behaved hirself sa princely, sa honourably and discretly, that hir reputation spred in all contrees; and was determynit and also inclynit to continow in that kind of comelynes unto the end of hir lyf; desyring to hald nane in hir company bot sic as wer of the best qualitiz and conversation, abhoring all vices and vitious personnes whether they wer men or women. . . . Sche was of a quyk spirit, and curious to knaw and to get intelligence of the estate of uther countrees; and wald be sometymes sad when sche was solitary and glad of the company of them that had travelit in uther partis."

Knollys adds further to the picture in a letter to Cecil:

"This ladie and pryncess is a notable woman. She semeth to regard no ceremonious honour besyde the acknowledging of her estate regalle. She sheweth a disposition to speake much, to be bold, to be plesant, and to be very famylyar. She showeth a great desyre to be avenged of her enemes. She sheweth a readines to expose herselfe to all perylls in hope of victorie; she delyteth much to hear of hardines and valiancye, commending by name all approved hardy men of her cuntrye, altho they be her enemyes; and she commendeth no cowardnes even in her frendes. The thing that most she thirsteth after is victorie, and it seemeth indifferent to her to have her enemyes dimynish, either by the sword of her frendes, or by the liberall promises and rewardes of her purse, or by disysion and quarrells raised among themselffes; so that for victories sake, payne and perylls semeth pleasant unto her, and in respect of victorie, welth and all thyngs semeth to her contemptuous and vile."

No wonder that her servants adored her and even Knox admired her courage!

In her captivity one Master Nicholas White, a correspondent of Cecil, turned aside on a journey to Ireland to visit her at Tutbury. From him she was compelled to endure much self-complacent moralising and preaching—not the least of the ills which all the Stuarts seem fated to have suffered. So struck was he by her charm that he wrote: "Few subjects in the land should have access to this lady. For besides that she is a goodly person—yet in truth not comparable to our Queen (we see Elizabeth smirking at this!)—she hath withal an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish accent, and a searching wit clouded with mildness."

She may not have been the youthful prodigy which her natural charm and the flattery inseparable from one of her rank have caused her at times to appear. That she had a very good brain, a natural aptitude for learning, and a power of concentration which enabled her to assimilate knowledge quickly, there is no doubt. Dr. Hay Fleming writes: "While her linguistic attainments were above the average, she apparently excelled in music, in needlework (which she found a great relaxation during her captivity in England), in dancing and in horsemanship."

Much has been made by some writers of the dissolute influence of the French court upon her youthful character. Whatever licence prevailed among the courtiers of Henry II, it is scarcely likely to have affected any Princess of Mary's age, moreover one destined to be the future Queen of France. Added to this she spent much of her time with her grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchesse de Guise, a lady of very strict views, and decorous and austere to the verge of Puritanism. Catherine de Medici, too, always insisted on at least an outward decorum.

Mary was tolerant, kind-hearted and genuinely anxious to rule wisely. Force of circumstances over which she had no control brought her into conflict with Elizabeth, and it is difficult to see, failing her marriage to a strong and wise husband, how the outcome of their struggle could have been otherwise.

Elizabeth's position was none too secure. By her Catholic subjects and by the continental rulers she was regarded as illegitimate, and Mary, her rightful successor, was a constant menace so long as she herself remained unmarried. This condition, for various reasons, she was determined to maintain. As Sir James Melville wrote, "I know your staitly stomak, ye think once ye wer married ye wuld be bot Queen of England, and now ye ar King and Queen baith; ye may not suffer a commander."

Elizabeth will always be remembered as a great Queen; possibly it would be more correct to say that she was Queen when England became great. Her amorous and much advertised virginity cannot, however, vie with the charm and misfortunes of her rival in establishing her in the sympathies and affections of posterity.

Elizabeth was incredibly mean and avaricious; Mary was generous and open-handed. Elizabeth was petty, jealous, affected and vain; Mary was large-minded, natural and frank. Mary was dignified, Elizabeth capricious, while Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, presumably a judge of manners, thought her extremely vulgar. His opinion is easily understood when we recall the fact that she could not refrain, when her favourite was created Earl of Leicester, from tickling his neck during the ceremony. Just as in a comparison between Cumberland and Prince Charlie, when the characteristics which we most admire in a human being are called in question, it is the former who is invariably the loser, so, in a comparison between Mary and Elizabeth, it is the latter in whom we fail to find any lovable or endearing quality.

Elizabeth, however, aided by circumstance, had the knack of surrounding herself with men whose capacities were the most serviceable for the work with which she entrusted them. Mr. Lytton Strachey, in his admirable work "Elizabeth and Essex," sums up the position when he writes, "It so happened that the subtlety of her intellect was exactly adapted to the complexities of her environment." Mary, on the other hand, in her short reign, failed singularly in finding one person on whom she could rely, or who would fail to betray her if occasion arose.

Granted that both Elizabeth and Mary were puppets in the hand of fate; granted that the former, knowing she was regarded as illegitimate by a large number of persons not only in her own realm but throughout Europe, realised to the full the nature of the struggle in which she was engaged in order to maintain her supremacy; granted the different standards of the age—nothing can excuse the weapons with which she fought her rival. No one can fail to admire the subtlety and adroitness with which she played off one adversary against another, the far-sighted scheming by which she gained her ends, or the skill with which she turned opportunities to her own advantage. No one can fail to despise her meanness, her treachery, her ingratitude and her vacillation. She rouses admiration and contempt, sympathy and repulsion.

For Mary's death she cannot altogether be blamed. Left to herself

she might have been generous, for glimpses of generosity appear. Fate and the times in which she lived were too strong for her. It is the manner in which her rival's destruction was accomplished that rouses our contempt. In their long-drawn struggle it was she who was the victor and Mary who was vanquished; but it is the latter who has "never lost her hold on the hearts and imaginations of men."

LOCH EIL

Chapter V

James I—Charles II

"The King of Scots is crowned."
King Henry VI, Pt. II, Act IV, Sc. 1.

". . . The saddest of all Kings
Crowned and again discrowned."
JOHNSON.

AFTER Elizabeth's death James VI and I moved into England, entering London May 6th, 1603, and with him moved the interests of the Stuarts. Whatever else that dynasty achieved it provided mysteries over which posterity might ponder, and James was no exception. In 1600 took place the Gowrie conspiracy, unsolved to this day. It contained all the essentials of melodrama. The chief *dramatis personæ* were the King, with his nasty habits, two young noblemen, the Earl of Gowrie and his brother the Master of Ruthven, a cloaked man with a pot of gold, met secretly in the night. Add to these a turreted stairway, the King's cry for help from a chamber window, the dead bodies of the two brothers—and the curtain falls while we are left wondering as to the true history of this strange case. Gowrie House no longer stands fronting the swiftly flowing water of the Tay, and we need not linger on the mysterious happenings which once took place within its walls. The Scottish Solomon, with his slobbering saws and his witch hunts, passed, and to him succeeded the first Charles, with his grave, sad, picturesque air which looks out at us from the portraits by Vandyke.

Charles I came to the throne March 27th, 1625. In 1633 he entered Edinburgh and was crowned at Holyrood on June 18th. His attempt to enforce a new book of service and a liturgy revised by Laud and the Bishops of London and Norwich, was bitterly resented in Scotland. The Church of St. Giles on July 23rd, 1637, presented a scene of wild disorder, and a second attempt to make use of the new form of prayers ended in similar scenes on August 4th. Charles completely failed to gauge the extent of the opposition, and maintained an attitude of hostile indifference to all attempts to sway him.

A Covenant was inaugurated on February 28th, 1638, in the churchyard of Greyfriars in Edinburgh, signed by many leading men. Charles

refused to comply with the requests presented to him, and stated that he would sooner die than yield to their impertinent and damnable demands.

A General Assembly was summoned and met at Glasgow, November 21st, 1638. At its conclusion it was apparent that civil war was inevitable. The Covenanters, under General Alexander Leslie, seized Edinburgh, Dumbarton and other strongholds. Soon the whole of Scotland was in their hands. Charles assembled his troops at York in April, 1639, and sent his fleet to the Forth.

In May the rival armies were encamped opposite each other on either side of the Tweed at Dunse; no engagement took place, and peace was proclaimed on June 18th, but neither side trusted in the other.

Charles asked Parliament to vote supplies, which it refused to do, and he dissolved it in an angry mood.

During the spring and summer of 1640 the Covenanters were engaged in organising their army and in August forced the passage of the Tyne; at the end of the month they captured Newcastle. Charles was at York with an army of 18,000 men. The Scots petitioned him to listen to their grievances, and a number of the English nobles at the same time asked him to summon a Parliament. In November the Long Parliament met, the Scots agreed to remain inactive at Newcastle, and a peace was patched up in August, 1641.

Charles came to Edinburgh during the same month and remained till November, when he returned to London. Owing to increasing difficulties with his English subjects, he moved his Court to York in the spring of 1642. The English Parliamentary party and the Covenanters now entered into communication with each other. A solemn League and Covenant was formed, a copy of which was carried to London in which, briefly, the parties bound themselves to follow the Reformed religion in Scotland; to work for the Reformation in England and Ireland; to attempt to bring the churches to a uniformity of faith, polity and form of worship; to extinguish popery, heresy and schism; to maintain the rights of the Parliaments and liberties of the three Kingdoms; and to preserve and defend the King's person, his just power and greatness.

On September 22nd, 1643, the members of the House of Commons, the House of Lords and the Westminster Assembly of Divines signed it, and afterwards many counties followed suit.

As a result a Scottish army of 20,000 men crossed the Tweed to assist the Parliamentary forces.

It was then that Montrose, who had been one of the first to sign the

National Covenant, protesting against the imposition of a foreign church system on Scotland, turned to the King's side; for he realised that the Church of Scotland was beginning to make claims which meant the complete abolition of civil government. Joined by others of the Scottish nobles, he was commissioned to raise the royal standard in August, 1644. In the previous month had been fought the battle of Marston Moor, in which the royalist forces were defeated. It was not until May, 1646, that the King in despair fled to the Scottish Army at Newcastle.

The Long Parliament announced that the Scottish Army was no longer needed in England and demanded the surrender of the King. This was refused but, after a long wrangle over arrears of pay, the Scots finally retired with a sum considerably less than they had demanded, and agreed to the King being sent to Holmby House in Northamptonshire, stipulating, however, that no injury or violence should be done to his person. On January 23rd, 1647, the English Commissioners received their Sovereign at Newcastle. On January 30th, 1649, the King was beheaded before his own Palace at Whitehall.

Parliament was sitting when the news of his execution reached Scotland on February 5th, 1649. Charles II was proclaimed King. On June 23rd, 1650, he arrived at the mouth of the Spey, where he signed the Covenant, and landed the next day. Cromwell, the following month, entered Scotland and, on September 3rd, at Dunbar, utterly defeated David Leslie, though the latter had the game in his hands, and shortly afterwards seized Edinburgh.

Charles was crowned at Scone on January 1st, 1651, and the Scots resolved on a raid across the border. The King accompanied the army into England and was pursued by Cromwell. On September 3rd he was defeated at the battle of Worcester, and General Monk undertook the reduction of Scotland. Although resistance continued to be offered in the Highlands for some time, he was eventually successful. Cromwell's attempt to amalgamate the two nations into a republic was less fortunate, though he impoverished Scotland by enforcing taxes to support English garrisons and made a bold attempt to extinguish the feudal power of the Scottish nobles.

At his death, September 3rd, 1658, Richard, his son, failing to govern, power passed into the hands of the army leaders. Monk, the greatest of them, was at the head of the army in Scotland. He began his march southward in November, 1659, and eventually, having sent envoys to Charles, on May 29th of the following year the latter's wanderings came to an end, and he landed at Dover amid the acclamations of his loyal subjects.

Chapter VI

Charles II—James II

"God Save the King."
King Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1.

ONCE seated on the throne Charles's main object in life was to stay there, and it is no small tribute to his character that he succeeded in so doing. Whatever our estimate of him as a man, whatever our opinion of his morals, no one can read of the difficulties which beset him and of the dangers by which he was threatened without unstinted admiration for the courage and good humour with which he confronted them. Had he succeeded to the throne in the customary course of events, it is by no means unlikely that he would have been regarded by historians as one of the best and wisest kings who ever reigned in England. That he was a great lover every schoolboy knows; that he possessed other qualities which may justly be labelled with the same adjective is not so widely recognised.

He never visited Scotland after his Restoration. Memories of his Northern Kingdom can scarcely have been happy, soured as they must have been with the recollection of interminable sermons and discourses, none of which had failed to emphasise the fact that if all men were undoubtedly sinners, Charles Stuart was very far from being the least sinful. "The insults inflicted by the Covenanters left an indelible mark on Charles's character" and fostered the growth of that cynical humour which never afterwards left him. "That curious compound of truculence and hypocrisy, sometimes tinged with idealism, which then, as now, bore the name of Puritanism" (Imbert Terry), must have sickened his very soul.

We can imagine his sardonic smile at the recollection of the Moderator, Mr. Robert Douglas, dispatched by his fellow-ministers to reprove their wayward sovereign, who had been detected kissing a damsel in Aberdeen. He alone seems to have had a spark of humanity, for, having suitably rebuked the young man, he suggested that in future, when the calls of the flesh became too insistent, Charles should pander to the suscepti-

bilities of his co-religionists by making quite certain beforehand that the windows were shut.

This tall, swarthy, ugly man possessed in a superlative degree the fatal Stuart charm. Once under its spell, life, riches, possessions, counted for nothing with the victim; all were gladly sacrificed in a passion of loyalty and self-abnegation.

Of all the Stuarts, not even excepting his great-grandmother or his grand-nephew, he is perhaps the most fascinating, and his fascination lies in his humanity. He loved men and women—possibly too well—and intercourse with them. Interested in the trivialities of human life as well as in the great things, he understood the weaknesses and frailty of human nature. "I am one of those biggots," he writes, "who think that malice is a much greater sinn than a poore frailty of nature"—and who shall say that he was not right?

An extraordinarily good judge of character—when he allowed his heart to be ruled by his head—he never deserted anyone for whom he had a personal affection, and, as John Buchan writes, "no one of the people, gentle or simple, who had assisted him in that wild flight from Worcester died unrewarded." Children, animals, and the poor adored him, for Charles II, whatever else he may have been, was a great gentleman. Tactful and courteous, combining much natural good humour with a complete absence of affectation, at ease himself he liked to put others at their ease, and always did the right thing in the right way. Generous and tolerant, he had that quality of mercy which exacted no more than the punishment of the actual murderers of his father.

The Martyr King never won his way into the hearts of his subjects as did his son. That he, personally, was a good man is true; while the Merry Monarch, in the opinion of a great many people, was an extremely bad one. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, human nature being what it is, goodness in itself may win respect, honour and admiration, but not necessarily love. An amusing sinner is much better company than a dull saint; for the former is always aware of his shortcomings, while the latter not infrequently entrenches himself behind a bulwark of self-conscious superiority. It is quite easy to imagine any man or woman loving Charles II; loving to hear his dry, witty remarks; sympathising with his admiration for beauty, whatever form such beauty might take. His sense of humour was tempered at times by strong common sense, of which he had an abundance, as, for instance, when he invited a charlatan, the Abbé Pregnani, who was able to predict the future, to foretell

the results of the races at Newmarket; giving "little creditt to such kinde of cattle," as he wrote to his beloved "Minette." Characteristically, with his usual good nature, he asked her to continue her patronage of the crestfallen "profett," who is greatly troubled "for feare the railleries about the horse match may have done him harm."

The love of Charles and his sister Henrietta Anne, Duchesse d'Orléans ("Minette"), for each other is one of the most charming traits in both their characters, and her childish adoration of her big brother makes pleasant reading. The one woman he really loved, she shared in no small degree his intelligence and capabilities, while possessing that extraordinary attraction of manner and charm of personality which may be such a curse to its possessor and yet win love above the ordinary. "I have loved him better than life itself, and now my only regret in dying is to be leaving him," were her dying words about the King.

A sovereign who is also a sportsman is certain of popularity in England, and it is little wonder that Charles was popular. He was a good shot, a keen fisherman, one of the best tennis players in the kingdom, a splendid and untiring walker, an excellent horseman, and swam and fenced well. All his life he was passionately fond of the sea and ships; while, so varied were his interests that at Newmarket he established the races, beagled and hawked. Lazy at times, when the occasion required he was an indefatigable worker, varying his activities with chemistry, mechanics, clock-making, gardening, the drama and music. He restored so far as was possible the magnificent collection of paintings made by his father. He had many faults, but he had also great virtues, and had his early years run on normal lines, we should have heard less of the former and more of the latter.

The difficulties by which he was confronted would have overwhelmed a lesser man, and it was due in no small degree to his own common sense, his quick grasp of men and affairs, his cool head, his sense of humour and his courage that he successfully triumphed.

Charles's chief difficulties with regard to Scotland were religious ones.

"It is not easy in these days of religious tolerance, or indifference, to realise what a source of dissension religion was in the 17th century . . .," writes Sir Charles Petrie. "It was religion, too, that proved the eternal stumbling-block of the Stuarts from the moment that James VI of Scotland became James I of England. Charles II would never have regained his throne had he been a Catholic in 1660; James II would probably never have lost his had he remained an Anglican; while James III would certainly have succeeded his sister had he consented to forsake

Rome or Canterbury." Charles II, who was restored to the throne of his fathers, and Charles III, who so nearly regained it, understood the value of tolerance. Charles I and James II failed signally to do so.

Charles II sincerely desired toleration for religious differences, and the Presbyterians and Anglicans themselves were to blame that the freedom they desired for themselves was denied by them to those from whom they differed.

Scotland, though a Scottish King had taken over the English throne as a going concern, was not altogether happy. She still remembered how Cromwell had dealt with her for the support she had given Charles. Her rights as a separate kingdom were going; the King himself had gone south, and with him many of the Scottish nobility. Among these was Argyll, called "Gillespie Grumach" by the Highlanders owing to his squint. Montrose, as we know, had in 1649 been appointed Captain-General of the King's forces in Scotland. Charles's abandonment of the great Marquis after his capture was due to the action of his Privy Council, backed by the Covenanting party, who had the King completely in their power. At the course which was forced on him, he experienced, we are told, "great passion and bitter execration." He had a lone hand to play, and to lay the sole blame for Montrose's fate at the door of a boy of nineteen is to be less than just.

In 1662 an Act of Uniformity was passed for enforcing the observances of the Episcopal Church, and some of the Presbyterian clergy, rather than submit, suffered the loss of their livings. To them in their retirement many of their followers still repaired, and so arose "conventicles," as their private meetings came to be called.

In 1679 Archbishop Sharpe, who had been sent to welcome Charles at the Restoration, was murdered, and the persecution of the Covenanters increased. John Graham of Claverhouse earned an evil reputation as their chief oppressor. At Drumclog he nearly perished, only to die later in the moment of victory at Killiecrankie. The Duke of Monmouth was sent to Scotland, and the Covenanters were defeated at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Four hundred were killed and twelve hundred made prisoners. Monmouth returned to England and was succeeded by James, Duke of York, who managed to ingratiate himself with the Scots, particularly the Highland chiefs. On February 6th, 1685, Charles died, and the Scottish Parliament sent word to James that they mourned the death of the late King "to all the degrees of grief that are consistent with our great joy for the succession of your sacred Majesty."

Chapter VII

James II—Act of Union, 1707

"Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him."
King Richard II, Act II, Sc. 2.

JAMES had neither the adaptability of his brother and sister nor their quickness in summing up the course of events and the characters of those about them. A somewhat dull obstinate man, he was a good soldier, and the British Navy owes him much. He lacked the appreciation of beauty which characterised most of the Stuarts, and as his brother Charles once cynically observed, even his mistresses seemed to have been imposed on him by his confessor as a penance.

His accession was signalised by cruel treatment of Protestant Nonconformists, both in England and Scotland. The fate of innocent sufferers was scarcely compensated for by the fact that the egregious Titus Oates was sentenced to be twice flogged through the streets of London, an experience which, unhappily, he managed to survive.

In May, 1685, James summoned Parliament, and on July 6th Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis. Defeated at Sedgemoor, he was duly beheaded by the original Jack Ketch. Whether he was really the son of Charles by Lucy Walter is open to doubt. There is none that he deserved the fate which befell him. The "Bloody Assize" followed and "the subjection of the rebel West by the regular army made James believe that he could Romanise England in a shorter time, and by more arbitrary methods, than those which he seems to have contemplated in the first months of his reign" (Trevelyan). The root of all his errors in method was the complete reliance placed by him on his soldiers. Monmouth's rebellion enabled him to become a military despot; but, as he was to discover later, the faith of the army "consisted of a profound belief that Papists deserved to be hanged scarcely less than rebels" (Trevelyan).

The Lords and Commons refused to accede to James's desire to repeal the Test Act, and he prorogued Parliament.

In 1687, at the instigation of William Penn the Quaker, James issued a Declaration of Indulgence giving freedom of worship to Dissenters and Catholics; incidentally dating the beginning of religious freedom in England.

In 1688 a second Declaration of Indulgence was ordered to be read from the pulpits. Seven Bishops, headed by the Primate, petitioned the King against it. Against them he instituted proceedings for seditious libel. They were tried and acquitted while the army cheered at Hounslow.

On June 10th of this year James had, by his second wife, Mary of Modena, a son, later to be known as "Mr. Misfortunate." His arrival precluded from the immediate succession Mary and Anne, the Protestant daughters of Anne Hyde. From refugees after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes the English people had learned what religious persecution could be. On the day that the seven Bishops were acquitted—June 30th, 1688—a written invitation was sent to William of Orange, James's son-in-law, signed by Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lumley, Russell, Sydney and Compton, Bishop of London.

James's promise of a Protestant Parliament came too late, and favoured by an almost uncanny amount of luck—even the weather aided him—William landed at Torbay, November 5th, 1688. In December James fled to France never to return. His own stupidity had lost him the English throne.

Had he shown any strength of character and decision and, above all, had he not been obsessed with the determination to force the Roman Catholic religion on those who did not want it, there is little doubt that his son-in-law would never have occupied the throne of Great Britain. The latter's proclamation was read in Scotland and contrasted favourably with the crude offers of James. The Covenanters in Edinburgh acted promptly, the Jacobites were overawed, and William ascended the throne. But he was by no means secure. In 1689 Halifax declared, "If King James were a Protestant we could not keep him out four months."

Edinburgh Castle, still held for King James by the Duke of Gordon, surrendered on June 14th, 1689, and the garrison received an indemnity. Claverhouse, who had been created Viscount Dundee, with his Highlanders was still upholding the Stuart cause in the North, and, marching through Badenoch and Atholl, he arrived at Blair Castle July 27th, 1689.

The battle of Killiecrankie was fought on that day, the army of King William, 3,500 men and two troops of cavalry, under General Mackay, being completely defeated. Dundee fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory, a fatal blow to the cause of King James in Scotland.

In August, 1691, a proclamation was issued commanding all Highland chiefs to take the oath of allegiance before January 1st, 1692, on pain of outlawry.

Alexander MacDonald of Glencoe, chief of the clan, was an old man, and, on appearing at Fort William to take the oath, was told that he must go to Inveraray. Here he arrived five days after the appointed time and took the oath. Sir John Dalrymple of Stair, Secretary of State for Scotland, seized the chance for which he had been waiting and induced William to sign "Letters of Fire and Sword" against the clan.

In February, 1692, a band of soldiers, mostly Highlanders, appeared in Glencoe under the command of Major Duncanson and Captain Campbell of Glen Lyon. They were hospitably entertained by the MacDonalds, and lived with them on friendly terms for more than a fortnight.

On February 13th, a cold and stormy morning, the old chief was shot as he was getting out of bed and his wife murdered. Forty of the clan suffered the same fate and their houses were burned to the ground. Nine hundred cattle, two hundred ponies with some sheep and goats, were driven to Fort William and divided among the officers of the garrison. The massacre of Glencoe has left a stain on William's name which nearly equals that eternally attached to his namesake of the '45.

William Paterson's Darien scheme gave the Jacobites a further opportunity of fanning the flame of national indignation. Large sums had been subscribed towards the project in Scotland, and the relations between the two countries became further strained.

On March 8th, 1702, the King died, and Anne, the daughter of the exiled James II, ascended the throne. In the previous year the Act of Settlement had been framed declaring that on Anne's death the Crown should go to Sophia, Electress of Hanover, the grand-daughter of James VI. The Scots had not been asked to agree to this Act, and the Scottish Parliament in defiant mood framed an Act of Security. By this, a successor to Anne was to be chosen twenty days after her death if she left no heirs. It provided that such a person must be a Protestant, and a descendant of the Stuarts, but not the person chosen by the English unless they would agree to give Scotland free religion, free trade and free government. Various events tended to further the antagonism

between the two countries, and in 1706, at the request of both Parliaments, thirty-two English and thirty-two Scottish Commissioners met in the Cockpit at Whitehall and drew up a treaty for the union of the two countries. In October of the same year the last Scottish Parliament met. For three months they debated, the great part of Scotland being strongly against the Union. On January 16th, 1707, the Act of Union became law, and on May 1st came into force.

INFANTRY OFFICER, 1745

Chapter VIII

The Act of Union—1745

"The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him."
King Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 1.

AFTER the passing of the Act of Union, the feeling against it grew much greater. The Jacobites, not unnaturally, did all they could to increase the antagonism which existed. In 1708 Louis XIV sent a fleet of five men-of-war and twenty-one frigates with 4,000 troops to lay siege to Edinburgh. With them sailed the Chevalier de St. George, "Mr. Misfortunate." In the dark the fleet sailed past the Firth of Forth, and when they discovered their mistake it was too late. Admiral Byng had intercepted them; some of the French ships were wrecked and the troops lost. This was the most important effort on the part of France to aid the fallen fortunes of the Stuarts.

Anne reigned for another six years, and with each year the feeling against the Union grew. In 1713 the Act imposing the hated Malt Tax was passed, and in the House of Lords the proposal that each country should again have its own Parliament was only lost by four votes.

In August, 1714, Anne died, Sophia having predeceased her by six weeks. The Jacobites, as usual, talked a great deal but did very little, and Sophia's son George became King. He could not speak English and never learned to do so, but he was a Protestant and a descendant of the Stuarts, and this gave him a sufficient standing.

Great was the disappointment among the Jacobites. "Bobbing John," Earl of Mar, was coldly treated by George. He had been one of the chief men in carrying through the Act of Union; now in him the Jacobites found a leader. In August, 1715, disguised as a workman, he boarded a coal ship in the Thames, and sailed for Scotland. At a great "tainchel" or deer drive the Highland chiefs met, and on September 6th the standard was raised for King James VIII at Castleton of Braemar. That the gilt ball fell from the top of the standard was considered a bad omen, and so it proved.

Perth was taken, and soon an army of 4,000 men assembled. Edinburgh Castle and £400,000 were nearly captured, but the scaling ladder was too short and the attempt was defeated. The Jacobites were always just missing their mark.

The Duke of Argyll, who had learnt his soldiering under Marlborough, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Government troops in Scotland, and stationed himself with an army of 3,000 men at Stirling. Mar was a bad general, and for weeks did nothing. Then Mackintosh of Borlum, with part of his army, crossed the Firth of Forth; after a short stay at Leith he marched south, joined some Jacobites from Dumfries and Northumberland, and proceeded to Preston, a place fatal in Jacobite annals. Here on November 13th he was compelled to surrender, and on the same day Argyll and Mar met at Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane. The result was indecisive.

"And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran."

This was the end of the '15. Though "Mr. Misfortunate" a short time later appeared in Scotland, many of his Jacobite adherents had left for their homes. His gloomy demeanour and silence did not encourage his followers to return, whilst he did nothing to maintain the spirits of those who still held the field. They marched to Dundee, then to Montrose, and here "Bobbing John" and his master slipped one dark night aboard a vessel bound for France, and faded for ever from the sight of those who waited for them.

A worse time could not have been chosen for the Rising. Louis XIV, a real friend to the Stuarts, had just died, and though the Old Chevalier was in many ways a much better man than his son, he was neither a soldier nor a leader, and was of singularly little help to his own cause while in Scotland. To delight in hearing wise men discourse upon useful subjects may be an admirable trait in a monarch safely established upon a well-secured throne, but it is scarcely the quality which one desires to see most prominent in an exiled prince in search of his kingdom.

The Government cannot be said to have acted harshly, and though the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were executed, the lives of the majority of the Highland prisoners at Carlisle were spared, though many were transported.

James, "The Old Pretender," had become a mere pawn on the international chessboard. The Duc d'Orléans, who had maintained an

uneasy neutrality during the '15, was, by its failure, compelled to turn "Mr. Misfortunate" out of France, and the latter, after seeking various refuges, finally settled in Rome. Help from France being out of the question, the Jacobites welcomed the overtures of Charles XII of Sweden, who considered that he had something to gain by furthering the claims of James to the British throne. The Hanoverian Government, however, knew all about the negotiations which were proceeding, and when they considered the time was ripe put a stop to them by arresting the Swedish representative in London.

In the summer of 1718 a fresh ray of hope illumined James's horizon, this time from Spain, though Cardinal Alberoni's plans were upset by the death of the Spanish King Charles in December of that year. A decisive step was, however, imperative, and in March, 1719, James was received in Madrid with royal honours.

At Cadiz five men-of-war and twenty-two transports were waiting to convey an army of 5,000 men and arms for 30,000 to England, where the main attack was to be made under the command of the Duke of Ormonde.

The Earl Marischal was to proceed to Scotland with a smaller army and rouse the Highlands. On March 8th he sailed from San Sebastian, with 307 Spanish regulars, in ignorance of the fact that the main part of the expedition had been wrecked and all idea of an attack on England abandoned.

After eluding the British men-of-war, he arrived at Stornoway, where he was joined by his brother, James Keith, the future Field-Marshal of Frederick the Great, who was to die years later at Hochkirchen, and a few other Jacobites from France. The Hanoverian Government, seriously alarmed, brought over two Swiss and three Dutch battalions from the Continent.

Arrived on the mainland of Scotland, the Marquis of Tullibardine, who was to figure in the '45, took over the command of the Jacobite forces, and made his base at Eilean Donan Castle at the mouth of Loch Duich. This being abandoned, it was immediately occupied by the Hanoverians, and, adopting a counsel of despair, Tullibardine marched forward up Glen Shiel with his Spaniards and a force of about 1,100 Highlanders. Here he found his way blocked by General Wightman with an army of about 1,600 men, mostly Dutch. On June 10th, James's thirty-first birthday, a battle, if so it can be termed, was fought. General Wightman had a mortar battery which turned the scale in his favour.

The Spaniards stood firm, eventually surrendering at discretion, while the Highlanders "faded away" with the loss of one man, though their opponents suffered considerably.

In 1725 an Act was passed ordering the surrender of arms among the Highland clans. General Wade was sent to Scotland to see this order carried out. He submitted a clear and able report on the condition of the Highlands, and made his name famous by the establishment of good military roads. Forts, too, were erected: at one end of the great glen, Fort William; Fort Augustus at the western end of Loch Ness; and Fort George at Inverness. This action followed on a memorial written by Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, in which he described the state of the country. We shall meet Simon again.

Wade began his work on the roads in 1725, and they were completed in 1737. He died in 1748, at the age of seventy-six, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The Highlanders were now treated as a conquered people, but Jacobitism had not been beaten in the field. It was simply quiescent, waiting its chance to come out into the open when the moment was propitious. In 1727 George I died and was succeeded by his son, George II. "The twenty years that followed the failure of the '19 witnessed a very marked decline in the strength of Jacobitism," and the type of high-minded, disinterested supporter of a lost cause became more rare, while his place was taken by the man who nourished a grievance against the existing state of affairs or was at odds with the law.

In 1719 James had married Clementina Sobieska, in spite of the opposition of the Emperor of Austria. By his orders she had been detained at Innsbruck when on her way to the wedding, whence she was carried off by Charles Wogan and some other Jacobite musketeers, including, so it is said, John Walkinshaw of Borrowfield, the father of Charles Edward's future mistress. A touch of melodrama was never lacking in the Stuart fortunes! Clementina was a jealous woman, frivolous and fanatical, and the trouble she caused her husband was not balanced by the considerable monetary advantage he gained by the marriage. She died in 1735, having fulfilled her destiny by presenting James with two sons, Charles Edward in 1720 and Henry Benedict Maria Clement in 1725. The succession was thus assured.

Though the flames of Jacobitism had died down, its ashes were still smouldering. England was prosperous and peaceful, and though it was not greatly in love with the Hanoverian régime, there was no particular

object in rising against it. Many a gentleman who passed his wine "over the water" from a vague sentimental attachment to old, forgotten, far-off things had no intention of jeopardising the present material prosperity until convinced that success was assured. In other words, he remained sitting on a not too uncomfortable fence. "Religion, too, was no longer the element of discord in the national life that it had been during the previous century" (Petrie), though the bogey of Roman Catholicism was quite enough to rouse a panic. Jacobitism was becoming concentrated in Scotland, more particularly in the Highlands, which were a *terra incognita* to the average Englishman. The domination of England in Scottish affairs was bitterly resented. Sir Robert Walpole was the chief obstacle to the return of James, backed by the support of the *nouveaux riches* who dreaded losing their wealth just as much as the nobles of Queen Mary's Court feared the loss of Church lands.

"Shippen and Atterbury represented respectively the constitutional and revolutionary side of Jacobitism" (Petrie). The former died in 1743 at the age of seventy. Had he lived and persuaded the wavering Newcastle to declare for Charles Edward, his name would have been added to the roll of Prime Ministers of Great Britain. Philip, first Duke of Wharton, famous as President of the Hell-Fire Club, was another Jacobite adherent who might have risen to great heights had not drink and debauchery brought him to an early death at the age of thirty-two.

Walpole realised that the Jacobite chance would come were England engaged in war on the Continent, and took care that peace was maintained; but in 1743 England was at war with France. In the same year Cardinal Fleury died, and was succeeded by Cardinal de Tencin, who was under certain obligations to James. Charles Edward was invited to Paris, where he arrived in January, 1744, after parting with his father, who was never to see his "dearest Carluccio" again. A French expedition had been prepared for the invasion of England, but this, again, was destroyed by a gale, and the French Government showed only a tepid enthusiasm towards fitting out another.

The British Jacobites remained sitting on their respective fences; the Scottish supporters of the Stuart cause emphatically protested against any attempt to overthrow the Hanoverian dynasty without substantial support from France: but Charles Edward, young and enthusiastic, sick of promises unfulfilled and wearisome delays, rejected all advice, and on July 5th set sail on the great adventure.

Chapter IX

A Brief History of the Events of the '45

" . . . For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible."
King Richard II, Act II, Sc. 2.

VOLTAIRE in his "Histoire Général" says of the Stuarts: "There is no other example in history of a House so continuously unfortunate," and he proceeds to enumerate the misfortunes of the Stuart Kings. The son of the Old Chevalier was never king, though he was within an ace of gaining a kingdom, but that he was persistently unfortunate few will deny.

It is idle, but none the less intriguing, to speculate as to what might have happened had the events of the '45 run a different course.

What would have been the outcome had Lord Lovat, Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat and MacLeod joined the Prince on his landing?

What, if the Prince had had his way on that Black Friday at Derby and marched on to London?

What, if the night attack on April 15th had been well organised and undertaken by troops properly provisioned?

What, if the promised French landing had materialised?

The venture was a rash one which should never have been undertaken, but the Prince was young, though his persistence in the enterprise is perhaps less a tribute to his courage than to his selfishness.

Prince Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Sylvester Maria was born in Rome, December 20th, 1720. Twenty-four years of age in '45, he is described as "tall and handsome, of a fair complexion." Another observer in Edinburgh thought him "languid and melancholy." He was just under six feet in height with gold auburn hair. Maine says that his eyes were "fairly large and blue"; in the "History of the Rebellion" by "an Impartial Hand," it is stated that he had "large rolling brown

eyes." The portraits of him as a young man show them of the latter colour.

At the age of fourteen he started his military career during the siege of Gaeta, where he was very popular with his fellow-soldiers. Never doubting that he was destined to encounter military hardships, he accustomed himself to walk barefoot. He was a good shot, spoke several languages, and seems naturally to have been of a sweet and generous disposition. As he grew older his tendency to secretiveness asserted itself, and at times there was a touch of the actor about him.

This, then, was the young man who, with seven companions, set out to conquer a kingdom.

Sailing from France in the *Du Teillay*, July 5th (O.S.), 1745, after various adventures he landed at Eriska, July 23rd. On the 25th he sailed to Loch-nan-Uamh and first set foot in the mainland of Scotland at Borradale. Here he remained until August 10th. Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat and MacLeod refused to join him, and he was unanimously advised to abandon the enterprise. The Prince was firm in his determination to proceed, and after much discussion Cameron of Lochiel decided to throw in his lot with him.

On August 11th the Prince went to Kinloch-Moidart, where he remained until the 17th. The following day he marched to Loch Shiel and went by boat to Glen Aladale, continuing his journey to Glen Finnan on the 19th, where, in the afternoon, James VIII was proclaimed king.

Since the failure of '15 and the abortive skirmish in Glen Shiel in '19 the military efficiency of the clans had been weakened. This, coupled with the decline of the feudal system in the Highlands, accounts for the comparatively small numbers of the army which opposed the Hanoverian forces in '45. At Glen Finnan the Prince was joined by about 1,300 men. More than half of these were Camerons, with MacDonalds to the number of 300. It may be remarked here that in 1715 the Earl of Mar had an army of about 12,000 men. At no time did the Prince command more than 8,000, which was approximately the strength of the Highland army at the time of Falkirk. There were not more than 5,000 at Culloden.

On the 16th the first action had already taken place at Highbridge. From Glen Finnan, by way of Kinlochiel, Fassiefern, Moy (at the southern end of Loch Lochy), Letterfinlay and Invergarry, the army, which was joined on the march by other chiefs with their followers, proceeded to

Aberchalder at the northern end of Loch Oich, close to the western entrance of the Corrieyairack pass.

On the 28th the pass was crossed. Three days later, marching through Drumochter, the army reached Blair Castle. From here via Dunkeld the Prince proceeded to Perth, where he remained until September 10th. Edinburgh was his goal, and the city, though not the castle, was captured by Lochiel, who entered by the Netherbow on September 17th. Sir John Cope, having evaded the Prince at the Corrieyairack, had marched first to Inverness and then to Aberdeen, whence he had transported his troops by sea to Dunbar. He was completely defeated at the battle of Prestonpans, September 21st. His infantry was either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; the cavalry, as usual, ran away, and Cope himself arrived at Berwick the next day with the news of his own defeat, a circumstance which gave old Lord Mark Ker the opportunity for making some extremely sarcastic remarks.

After his victory the Prince remained over a month in Edinburgh. He received fresh accessions of troops throughout this period, and held councils daily. At length it was decided to march south, and on November 1st the Highland army proceeded to Dalkeith en route for Carlisle. On the 8th the Esk was crossed, and on the 10th Carlisle was summoned to surrender. On the 15th the castle and town capitulated and the garrison was disarmed.

Leaving Carlisle on the 21st, the Prince marched via Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston and Wigan to Manchester. Here he was joined by a considerable number of recruits, though the majority of the English Jacobites still remained aloof. From Manchester on December 1st the march south was resumed through Macclesfield, Leek and Ashbourne. On December 4th Prince Charlie entered Derby.

On the following day was held the fateful council which started at eight in the morning and continued till night. A retreat was decided upon, and the Prince "could not prevail upon one single person" to join him in his desire to advance.

Whatever his faults it is impossible to withhold our sympathy from him at this crucial moment. The decision of the chiefs was a complete surprise to him, and the shock must have been tremendous. We can gauge it by the fact that only the day before he had been discussing, unconscious of any change of plans, what would be the most suitable costume for him to wear on his entry into London!

On Black Friday, December 6th, the retreat began, and from that

moment the Prince was a changed man. Previously he had been a leader. Now he was only a figure-head. The spirit of the Highlanders, too, had altered. During the advance "they behaved better than was expected; but as they came back they were very insolent and impudent." Such conduct can scarcely be surprising.

By the same route as that by which he had marched south the Prince now retraced his steps to Carlisle, which he reached on the 19th. On the 18th occurred the skirmish of Clifton in which Lord George Murray beat off a body of Cumberland's dragoons. Leaving a garrison of four hundred men at Carlisle in order to facilitate his return into England, a design which he never abandoned, the Prince forded the Esk on his birthday.

Here the army divided into two columns. Lord George Murray with the Lowland regiments marched to Ecclefechan and thence by Lockerbie, Moffat, Douglas and Hamilton to Glasgow, which he reached one day in advance of the Prince. The latter, passing Dumfries, Drumlanrig and the Menock Pass, arrived at Glasgow on the 26th.

Here he reviewed his army and found that during the expedition into England he had lost very few men.

He remained in Glasgow until January 3rd, when the army again divided into two columns, the Prince marching to Stirling and Lord George to Falkirk. Stirling capitulated on the 8th and the castle was besieged. Lord George joined the Prince on the 14th, and three days later was fought the battle of Falkirk, in which the Prince's forces again defeated the Hanoverians.

On the 29th Lord George and the chiefs sent a letter to the Prince requesting him to retire to the Highlands as the army through sickness and desertion was in no fit state to fight. Desertion, indeed, was the curse of the Highland army.

On February 1st the retreat was continued to Perth. Here the army again divided. Lord George and Lord John Drummond, with the Lowland regiments and the horse, took the coast road to Inverness via Montrose and Aberdeen.

The regiment of Lord Ogilvy and the Farquharsons went by Coupar-Angus, Glen Clova and Glen Muick to Speyside, while the Prince with the clans marched north to Inverness by the Highland road.

In this brief summary of the events of the '45 there is no need to enter into the details of the next six weeks. The Prince reached Inverness on February 18th, and Lord George rejoined him at Culloden House on

the 19th. The Rout of Moy, when a force of about 1,500 men under Lord Loudoun was defeated under ludicrous circumstances by a few MacIntoshes, took place on February 17th. Loudoun's endeavour had been to capture the Prince, who was being entertained at Moy by Lady MacIntosh during the absence of her husband, who was a Hanoverian.

Fort Augustus was captured by Lochiel and Keppoch on March 5th, but the siege of Fort William was abandoned on April 4th.

On March 11th the Prince went to Elgin, where he became very ill, subsequently returning to Inverness, where he remained until his arrival at Culloden House on April 14th.

April 15th was Cumberland's birthday. Hoping to find the army carousing in his honour in their camp at Nairn, an attempt was made to surprise the Hanoverians by a night attack. It was late in starting, suffered much from delays on the march, and owing to the approach of daylight had to be abandoned three miles from Nairn.

Worn out, hungry, dispirited, with many absent, the Highland army lay around Culloden House on the morning of Wednesday, April 16th.

Everything was against them: the flat, sodden moor; the superiority of the enemy, both in numbers, condition and equipment; the intrigues and dissensions among their own leaders; even the weather, for a gale of hail and snow blew in their faces. At one o'clock the fighting began, and in twenty-five minutes the cause of the Stuarts was lost for ever.

The Prince fled southward, crossed the River Nairn at the ford of Falie, and rode down Strath Nairn by Tordarroch, Aberarder and Farraline to Gortuleg. Here he found Lord Lovat, and afterwards reached Fort Augustus that night and Invergarry early the following morning.

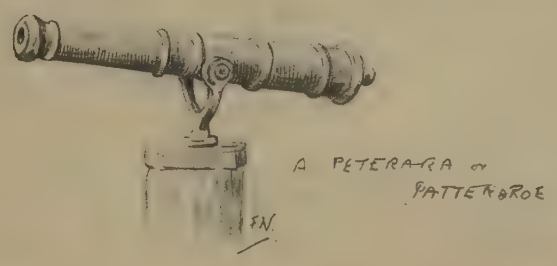
Thence he went to Glen Pean, at the west end of Loch Arkaig, and the next day set out on foot to Glen Morar. After a week's skulking about Borradale, he sailed at night from Loch-nan-Uamh on April 26th.

From this date until June 28th he was hunted from place to place in Uist and Lewis, from Loch Boisdale in the south to Kildun in the north. It was on June 21st that he met Flora MacDonald. He parted from her on July 1st at Portree.

At the end of June the Prince landed near Monkstadt in the north of Skye. Here, with the exception of the night of July 1st, which he spent in the Isle of Raasay, he remained until July 5th, traversing the length of the island and sailing from Elgol, just east of the Isle of Soay, to Mallaig, at the mouth of Loch Nevis on the mainland.

From here he made his way back to Borradale. A chain of sentries had been posted from the head of Lochiel to the head of Loch Hourn. Heading westward past Glen Finnan, where eleven months before the standard had been raised, the Prince and his guides struck north across Glen Pean and Glen Dessary. They crossed Glen Kingie into the gloomy recesses of Corrie-nan-gall, and on July 21st passed the cordon of sentries in Glen Cosaidh. Still travelling north, they passed Kinlochourn and reached Loch Shiel the following day. Striking east, they again turned north at the end of Loch Clunie, and on the 24th joined the famous men of Glen Moriston in the cave of Corrie Dho. In this district the Prince remained until August 1st, when he headed north into Glen Affaric. Reaching Fasnakyle, he hid in the woods for several days and then went to Glen Cannich, the most northerly point in his wanderings.

Having heard that two French officers had landed at Poolewe and were making their way into Lochiel's country in search of him, he forded the Cannich water and after spending several more days in Fasnakyle travelled south to Glen Moriston and through Glen Loyne to Glen Garry. From here he went to Ach-na-sual, and remained in the neighbourhood of Loch Arkaig until about the 27th. Two days later he reached Ben Alder, and on Sept. 5th moved into Cluny Macpherson's "Cage." Here he remained until the 12th. Hearing of the arrival of a French ship at Loch-nan-Uamh, he started on the night of the 13th for this place. Travelling by Glen Roy, Achnacarry and the south side of Loch Arkaig, the party reached Borradale on September 19th. Here, from the same place at which he had landed over a year before, Prince Charlie, with a large number of his followers, embarked. On the same evening, shortly after midnight, he weighed anchor and set sail for France.



Chapter X

The Military Position in the '45

"Provide me soldiers."
King Henry VI, Pt. I, Act IV, Sc. 1.

IN order to understand the surprising success of the earlier part of the Rising, it is necessary to look at the military conditions which prevailed at the time.

General Wade, in his report on the state of the Highlands, says that the Act of Parliament passed in the year 1716 "for the more effectual securing the Peace of the Highlands in Scotland, by Disarming the Highlanders" has been so badly executed "that the Clans the most disaffected to Your Majesty's Government remain better armed than ever," and, as a matter of fact, old arms were regularly imported from the Continent to be handed over to the Government representatives. A handsome profit was made on the bounty, by the over-valuation of this rubbish, whilst the good weapons were kept in concealment. The Jacobite clans were thus better armed than those which had Hanoverian sympathies. Wade's report also gives the fighting strength of the Highlands as 22,000 men, 10,000 of these being considered loyal, while the rest "are ready when encouraged by their chiefs to create trouble." It will be seen that the General was extraordinarily accurate in his forecast as regards the number of both loyal and rebel Highlanders.

England was at war on the Continent, and the garrisons at home were depleted.

Of cavalry there were only two regiments, Gardiner's and Hamilton's Dragoons. These were distributed in small detachments at Stirling, Linlithgow, Kelso, Coldstream, Haddington and Dunse. As was the economical practice of those days, their horses were out at grass and as soft and fat as butter.

Of infantry there were at:—

Edinburgh and Leith	Lascelles' (42nd) Regiment and some Invalides.
Aberdeen and the Coast Quarters	Guise's Regiment (6th, now Royal Warwickshire), less several companies in the North.
Glasgow	Scots Fusiliers, 2 companies.
Cupar	Sempill's Regiment, 2 companies.
Crieff	Lord John Murray's Highland Regiment, 3 companies.
Dumfries, Stranraer, Glasgow, Stirling	Lee's Regiment (44th—now the Essex Regiment), 5 companies.
Fort William, Fort Augustus, Inverness	Part of Murray's (46th) Regiment and Guise's (6th).

There were small detachments of troops at the barracks at Bernera in Glenelg, and at the barracks at Ruthven (Kingussie).

There were also in progress of being formed Lord Loudoun's Highland Regiment and three companies of the Black Watch. This regiment was in Flanders at the time, and, though recalled later, took no part in the suppression of the Rising, with the exception of three newly-raised companies. One of these latter was captured at Prestonpans but refused to join the Prince's army; the other two were used after Culloden for the enforcement of repressive measures. Loudoun's newly-raised unit was of doubtful loyalty, and the fighting value of this force was, as events proved, not very high. The cavalry, though raised in 1715, had seen no service, and of the infantry Guise's were the only veterans.

The total force, therefore, which Sir John Cope could collect in a sudden emergency was 1,400 men only, excluding the cavalry left at Stirling. This small army was composed of part of Murray's Highland Regiment, the bulk of which still remained scattered throughout the northern garrisons; five companies of Lee's Regiment; two companies of the Black Watch; fifty men of Lord Loudoun's Highland Regiment; four pieces of artillery, 1½-pounders; four mortars; and one old artilleryman, helped by some volunteer and civilian drivers to serve his guns.

Cope hoped to get assistance from the Duke of Atholl, Lord George Murray, MacDonald of Glengarry, Lord Glenalmond and Campbell of

Monzie. Counting on their help, he had brought with him spare weapons with which to arm their followers. Not unnaturally he was much discouraged when these gentlemen explained to him the impossibility of raising their men at such short notice. The spare arms were therefore sent back under escort to Stirling.

On his march from Crieff to Dalwhinnie he met with scarcely veiled opposition from the inhabitants. His stores were plundered, his men deserted, and in one night alone two hundred horses, with their drivers, vanished. At Amulree he was joined by a few Glenalmond men, but three days later they deserted in a body. The Highland soldiers of the Black Watch and Loudoun's Regiment were hardly more trustworthy, and one company of the latter which had left Stirling at full strength was already reduced, through desertions, to fifteen men by the time Cope reached the foot of the Corrieyairick. Forty of these deserters marched up the pass and were nearly mistaken for Cope's advance guard by the Highlanders already in possession.

The state of the army at this period is of interest, so much does it differ from that at the present day.

Officers' commissions were obtained by purchase, and political influence was the talisman for obtaining posts. With the civil population the army was most unpopular, desertions were continuous and punishments severe. In fact, both the civil and military criminal code were of barbarous severity.

The troops, with some few exceptions, lived in billets and not barracks. Innkeepers were obliged to supply beer, lodgings and food for 4d. per day per man. Except in the Guards, the men's pay was 6d. per day, of which 2d. was deducted. Incidentally, it may be noted that the rates of pay in the Prince's army were as follows: Captains, 2s. 6d.; lieutenants, 2s.; ensigns, 1s. 6d.; privates, 6d., without deductions. There were no military hospitals, and the annual allowance for the sick of a regiment was only £30. The military doctor received one guinea per week, so the army did not obtain the services of the best type of man. Nevertheless, in spite of the brutally administered discipline, it was a fine fighting force, and it should be borne in mind that part of the success of the Prince's army was due to the fact that the flower of the Hanoverian troops was, in the early stages of the campaign, engaged in fighting on the Continent.

As regards the composition of the forces, a battalion consisted of from four to six hundred men. A platoon was usually thirty, and never more

than forty-eight. Great trouble was taken with regard to "sizing," the tallest being placed in the first and fourth ranks when formed six deep. The officers carried a half pike and sword, the men being armed with musket, bayonet and sword. The sergeants carried a sword and pike like the officers, but the top of the pike was different.

When in action only the major and the adjutant were mounted, the colonel standing in the centre of the line. Officers were stationed behind the sergeants, and the lieutenant-colonel behind the other officers. In rear of the line drummers were divided between the centre and flanks of the battalion, also in rear of the line. The major "exercised" the battalion, and all evolutions were performed to the beat of drum.

The orderly drummer, under the major's orders, beat a preparation at which all platoons "made ready." A "flam" or double stroke was the signal to commence fire. The officer commanding the first platoon then gave "Present—Fire." As soon as the word "Fire" was given, the officer commanding the second platoon gave the order "Present—Fire," and so on with the officers commanding the other platoons. Another procedure was for alternate platoons to fire, the first, third and fifth followed by the second and fourth.

If firing by ranks, the third line fired, followed by the centre with the first line last, this being a relic of the days of musket and pike drill. The front rank knelt, the second and third stood.

The left foot of the men in the second and third ranks was placed inside the right foot of the man in front. This was called "locking." Muskets were presented over the right shoulder of the man in front. After firing, the front rank rose up and the other two fell back. All then loaded. Frequently they only thumped the butt of the musket on the ground to make the cartridge slip down, but after the barrel became fouled the use of the ramrod was necessary, as the cartridge stuck in the barrel, with consequences which may be imagined. When the battalion was to advance the orderly drummer beat a march, on which the whole battalion moved forward, "as slow as foot can fall." When the drum stopped they halted, the drummer beat a preparation and platoons made ready to fire again.

All firing was executed with bayonets fixed.

This procedure, set against the Highlanders' methods of warfare, was slow and cumbersome. The Highlanders, having fired their one volley, threw down their firearms and charged with the broadsword. Unless their charge was stopped by the opposing fire, the claymore and targe

were more than a match for the bayonet in close fighting. After the battles of Prestonpans and Falkirk the great subject of discussion in military circles was sword versus bayonet and the best method to adopt to meet the Highland charge. Cumberland evolved a form of drill in which he trained his men and which proved successful against a sword charge. It should, perhaps, be noted here that the real "claymore" of Montrose's wars—the big two-handed weapon—must not be confused with the basket-hilted broadsword of the '45. The "Claigh-Mor" means the "Big Sword," and though the broadsword in Prince Charlie's campaign may have popularly been known as the claymore, the term, strictly speaking, is applicable only to the big two-handed weapons of earlier times.

In the past it had been found that the Highlander, taking the point of the bayonet on his targe, thrust it aside and had the soldier at his mercy. By the new drill each soldier covered his neighbour, for if it was correctly carried out each man thrust with his bayonet at the enemy on his right instead of the one immediately in front of him. The thrust caught the swordsman beneath his upraised arm and his targe was useless. Presumably the extreme left-hand file was covered by his officer and sergeant, who stood on the flank. The army spent the whole of the spring of 1746 at this drill and was proficient in it by the time the battle of Culloden was fought, though even then the Highlanders broke through in two places.

Dragoons at this period were practically mounted infantry, trained to fight on foot or on horseback, and to use their carbines and pistols from the saddle. The sword was a secondary weapon.

They were mounted on heavy, short-tailed horses which must have been well schooled, since the method of attack was to advance at a walk to within musket range. The troopers then fired their carbines from the saddle, advanced to within pistol range, fired first the right, then the left pistol, and finally, if it were necessary and they were in a position to do so, attacked with the sword. This firing from the saddle was eminently serviceable for skirmishing, and cavalry were regularly exercised with that end in view. They were also trained to bring a whole squadron's fire into action. Advancing by column of troops, they delivered their fire, broke off to right and left and reformed in the rear, successive troops coming into action one after the other. According to the drill book the sword and reins were carried in the left hand whilst firing, but in the only contemporary picture it has been possible to examine the

troopers have quite enough to do in holding their reins and the barrel of the carbine in one hand without the addition of a sword. The carbine was carried in a bucket under the right pistol holster, which kept the lock dry, and the barrel rested on the trooper's right thigh, being secured by a strap to the front of his saddle. Alternatively it was slung from a swivel on the belt and hung barrel downwards.

This was only done when the sword or pistols were in use, that is, after the carbine had been fired.

Drummers and trumpeters wore regimental colours reversed.

The trumpeters and kettle drummer advanced on the right of the line, level with the front rank.

An extract from the manual exercise on horseback gives some idea of contemporary fighting, and following are consecutive orders which explain themselves.

1. Officers. Rein back.
2. March.
3. Shorten your bridles.
4. Make ready your carbines. } Remove from bucket.
5. Advance your carbines. }
6. Handle your swivels. } Attach carbine to swivel.
7. Spring your carbines. }
8. Drop your carbines.
9. Draw your swords.
10. Place your swords in your bridle hands.
11. Advance your carbines.
12. Cock your carbines.
13. Present.
14. Fire.
15. Drop your carbines.
16. Handle your right pistols.
17. Cock your right pistols.
18. Present.
19. Fire. (And so on.)

A regiment of cavalry consisted of either nine troops or six, the former composed of three squadrons, the latter of two. On parade they formed up three deep.

An interesting order to recruiting officers forbids men over 5 ft. 8 ins. being enlisted for mounted regiments. Another to remount officers

instructs them to buy smaller horses and to keep them black in colour. At Strathbogie an order to the captain of the Grand Guard forbade any horse to be unbridled during the night; one rank at a time to dismount, taking care the mounted man was always in front. All vedettes were to be posted double.

Artillery in 1745 was still in its infancy, so far, at any rate, as field pieces were concerned. There were no regular drivers or horses, and these were pressed locally for service from farmers, etc.

At Prestonpans, Colonel Whitefoord of the Marines, with under him an old master gunner, Major Griffith, and a few seamen, hastily collected, was in charge of the artillery. His small force was overwhelmed by the Highlanders' impetuous charge in the morning mist, before they had time to fire more than five hasty rounds.

At the battle of Falkirk the ten guns never came into action at all, as they were bogged in a lane, and the civilian drivers, very wisely for themselves as the event proved, promptly cut the traces and made off.

At Culloden, Colonel Belford, the senior artillery officer, should have reaped all the honours, since his accurate fire was undoubtedly the deciding factor in the battle.

So much may be said of the army itself. What of its commander? William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the third son of George II, was born April 15th, 1721, coming into the world a few months after the little cousin whose hopes of a crown he was destined twenty-five years later finally to overthrow. His character is not altogether easy to understand, or maybe history has dealt harshly with him.

At the early age of twenty-three he was already a Lieutenant-General, though this is not so remarkable a feat as may appear at the first glance, when it is remembered that commissions were given to boys of fifteen. These infants, moreover, were expected to go on active service with their regiments at once! There were plenty of lieutenant-colonels twenty-one years of age, so that there was no reason for professional jealousy at the royal Duke's preferment. In 1744 Cumberland was Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces in the Netherlands, a post which he resumed after the conclusion of the campaign in Scotland. He held it until 1757.

In his first supreme command he was unfortunate in having to face so seasoned an opponent as Marshal Saxe; nevertheless, few victorious Generals have received greater eulogy than did he after the glorious defeat of Fontenoy. Although maintaining discipline with a stern hand

by the infliction of the harsh and drastic punishments in vogue at the period, he was, however, popular with the troops and inspired them with confidence. Witness their cheers on the morning of Culloden when they greeted him with shouts of, "Now, Billy, for Flanders!" He introduced various much-needed reforms, was quick to promote officers who had distinguished themselves, and awarded commissions to men in the ranks. As a military commander he does not take high rank, his idea of battle being, it was said, "to lead his men to the hottest place he could find, and to keep them there as long as he could."

In private life he was a coarse and dull gambler, but he was also a sportsman, not merely a sporting man, being fond of racing, and a master of fox and stag-hounds. Incidentally, it may be remembered that he bred Eclipse, the most famous racehorse of the eighteenth century.

In 1745 distracted counsels prevailed at home, opinions being divided between those who held the complaisant view that the events proceeding in Scotland were of no account, and those who maintained that the end of all things was at hand. Cumberland was recalled from his post abroad to take up the command of the army in England and to stamp out the Rising.

To this task he brought a much-needed common sense, and proceeded to take measures to defeat the "hill-skippers," as the Highland army was sarcastically named by those who were well out of reach of its broadswords. His choice of Brigadier-General Hawley was an unfortunate start, and this gentleman suffered a severe defeat at Falkirk. Cumberland then took the field himself, with what result we know. His success was due, not so much to the battle of Culloden itself, as to the fact that he restored confidence to troops whose morale had been badly shaken, that careful organisation enabled him to march a highly trained and cumbersome force of all arms through a hilly and difficult country, and that he maintained the commissariat of this force with the aid of the fleet. Indeed, it would not be difficult to prove that it was the fleet, as usual, that on this occasion also, saved England.

If Culloden set the seal on his achievements, it also earned for him the undying nickname of "The Butcher," and for the officers to whom he entrusted the carrying out of his orders the lasting abhorrence of posterity. To his countrymen he was, at the time, a popular hero; his return, a triumphal progress; but "Sweet William" north of the border becomes "Stinking Willie," and the common ragwort, introduced into Scotland among the fodder of his cavalry horses, is his memorial today.

Chapter XI

Some Personalities of the '45

"The deep intangible beauty of old loyalties."
HUGH WALPOLE.

IN this brief sketch of the salient features of the '45 there has been but little scope for touching on the protagonists in the drama. It is, perhaps, rash to attempt it. The personalities of those engaged in great events are always of consequence. The list must necessarily remain incomplete, but to know something, however little, of a few of the men who moved amid the scenes depicted in these pages is to lend them an added interest. Some there are who remain prominent throughout the Odyssey, such as Lochiel; others flit in and out of the mists, vignettes, clean-cut for an instant to vanish afterwards into obscurity. Such are Anderson of Whitburgh, who, having shot over the field of Prestonpans, knew the secret places of the marshes and so led the army to victory; Roderick Mackenzie, crying, as he is cut down, "You have slain your Prince!" thus delaying the pursuit; Gardiner, that converted sinner, falling, mortally wounded, in a last gallant fight, beside the walls of his own house. Finlay Cameron, who saved the life of the sprightly Chevalier Johnstone at Culloden, flashes for an instant into view and is lost. Ker of Graden, A.D.C. to Lord George Murray and afterwards to the Prince, though he fought throughout the campaign, must always remain memorable to students of the Rising for one incident at Prestonpans, when, mounted on his little grey pony, he coolly jumped the breach which he had himself made in the stone dyke to enable him to reconnoitre more satisfactorily the position of the enemy.

The curtain goes up on Loch-nan-Uamh.

The *Du Teillay* casts anchor with, on board, the Prince disguised as Mr. Douglas, a divinity student, accompanied by the Seven Men of Moidart—"a retinue sufficiently ridiculous to enter upon an enterprise so bold and audacious as it was, to endeavour to wrest from the House of Hanover the Crown of Great Britain."

The Seven comprised the Duke of Atholl, proscribed and in exile since 1715, who had been a lieutenant in the English army for four years in the reign of Queen Anne, "no soldier though abundantly brave, no statesman though a sensible nobleman"; Sir John MacDonald, an officer in the French service who surrendered at Culloden, "a man of no extraordinary head as a councillor," and who was, in the opinion of Keppoch, either "drunk or mad, if not both, and it was best taking no notice of him"; Æneas MacDonald, the brother of Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, a banker in Paris, who was to perish many years later in the French Revolution; Colonel Strickland, who died in Carlisle two or three days after its surrender to Cumberland; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor, "more of a zealous Jacobite than a careful pedagogue"; Captain O'Sullivan, an Irishman, educated in France; and another Irishman, George Kelly, who had been secretary to Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and had suffered many years' imprisonment for being concerned in the plot of 1722.

We see them grouped on the deck of the *Du Teillay*, talking, with eager glances at the low, white-harled house of Borrodale, gleaming beyond the beach amid the trees. The pale young man in the priest's clothes talks to the chronicler of the Lockhart Papers, gay in his MacDonald tartan. Messengers fly here and there. Everyone urges the Prince to return, and he refuses. Young Ranald MacDonald, a brother of Kinlochmoidart's, cries that he will follow his Prince though he follow him alone. Most of the MacDonalds were Roman Catholics, but MacDonald of Boisdale was a Protestant, and dissuaded his step-brother, Clanranald, the chief of the clan, from joining the Prince. Through young Clanranald's enthusiasm the die is cast and his clansmen on the mainland agree to come out. Then comes "The Gentle Lochiel," and in spite of all previous resolutions, is overcome by the Prince's charm. He summons his clan, and it is he, the Bayard of the Rising, who really makes it possible.

MacDonald of Glencoe, "very proud," and Stewart of Appin, "a bashful man of few words but ordinary parts," become adherents. The gallant MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, "an exceedingly cool-headed man, fit for either cabinet or field," knowing at the start that if things go wrong he will certainly be hanged, yet goes on, and hanged he is in the following year at Carlisle. Donald MacDonald of Scotus, of whom Johnstone has much to say, "brave, polite, obliging, of fine spirit and sound judgment," is there, and so is Keppoch. They both fell at Culloden, but not

before the former had taken prisoner, in a previous engagement, his own son, who was an officer under Lord Loudoun.

At Highbridge, Keppoch's cousin, Donald MacDonald of Tiendrish, is opening the campaign. This "brave, undaunted, honest man of a good countenance and of a strong, robust make" was captured at Falkirk and executed at Carlisle. Glenaladale, too, was another gallant MacDonald, one of the first to join and one of the last to serve the Prince in his wanderings. Another who, at the start, gave his allegiance was Captain Alexander MacDonald, "a very smart active man, well skilled in the Erse . . . and by far the best Erse poet in all Scotland." Mr. Compton Mackenzie identifies him with the anonymous chronicler of the Lockhart Papers. Indeed, the MacDonalds are so numerous and so prominent in the affairs of the Prince that it is not easy even for a Scotsman to distinguish them without some care.

Shortly after leaving Borrodale the Prince is joined by his secretary, "a well-looking little man of fair complexion." Poor Murray of Broughton! He is a pathetic figure. No one had done so much to render the Rising possible. He was young, under thirty, and though, lacking his evidence, Lovat might have escaped the scaffold, it did but little harm to others. "Lovat's death was the price of Murray's life," and Lovat, in the opinion of the latter, was chiefly responsible for the failure of the expedition. It is easy to condemn him, but many a better man in similar circumstances would have shared the obloquy which is attached to his name.

At Invergarry came the first communication from the man who is, in some respects, the most intriguing figure in the '45. Always behind the smoke of battle, the skirling of the pipes, the marching and the counter-marching, the thronging, gallant, noisy figures who come and go, one is conscious, moving in an atmosphere of stealth and intrigue, of the sinister, scheming figure of Lovat.

One Donald MacLeod, who was in his service, describes him as "a tall, fine-looking man, and had something very insinuating in his manners and address." He was an enlightened improver of land and managed his affairs with method and shrewdness. While his relations with his people were marked by kindness and consideration, if occasion demanded he could be a tyrannical despot as well as a kind and indulgent chief.

Castle Downie, his home near Beauly, was a sort of tower, writes James Ferguson, the astronomer, who was his guest there for some

months, "and would have been considered in England only an indifferent house for a private, plain, country gentleman." There were only four apartments on a floor, and none large.

Simon Fraser's aim was to make himself "the greatest Lord Lovat that ever was." In effect he failed, "though had he taken up arms for James, instead of George, the '15 would have had a different ending. Quite conceivably, it might have altered the whole course of British history." He was a firm believer in cold baths, and had a passion for dancing which he never lost. "Jupiter" Carlyle, then a student, in the year 1741 dined with Lord Grange and Lovat at the latter's invitation at "Lucky Vints," a celebrated tavern in Prestonpans, and was considerably shocked at their levity. They sent for Kate Vint, the fair and frail daughter of the landlady, and danced a reel, but "Lovat's gouty legs were too much for the damsel's sense of gravity and she fled from the room shrieking with laughter." They then proceeded to another place of entertainment, where Lovat flattered the landlady and kissed her niece, after which they had supper at Grange's house. Mounting their coach at ten o'clock, they returned to Edinburgh, "thus ending a memorable day."

When this episode occurred Lovat was an old man, for he was over eighty years of age when his head rolled in the sawdust. That he was a thoroughly bad man there is no gainsaying. He had spent several years in the Bastille, or Château, at Angoulême, from which he was released on taking holy orders and entering the Jesuit college of St. Omer. He had been outlawed. Rape, abduction and murder were nothing to him, incidents to be taken in the day's work. Astute, wily, double-dealing, brutal, he was yet a statesman, and a far-seeing one at that. In spite of all his villainies, one cannot help a sneaking regard for the old scoundrel. He had humour, albeit of a mordant kind. On the Major of the Tower coming to visit him on the eve of his execution to ask how he did, "Why, I am doing very well," said he, "for I am preparing myself, Sir, for a place where hardly any majors and very few lieutenant-generals go!"

He won the affections of his warders, and when the daughter of General Williamson, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tower, was too overcome by his impending fate to bid him good-bye, "God bless the dear child," he said, "and make her eternally happy, for she is a good, kind-hearted lass."

Only once do we get a clear look at him before the end. On the afternoon of Culloden in an upper room at Gortuleg in Strath Errick he met

the Prince he had so consistently evaded. How he springs to life and dominates the scene! "Cut off my head! Cut off my head!" he screams. That he should after this scene have urged the Prince, like Robert Bruce, to try again, seems not in the least improbable nor inconsistent. What a subject for a painter would this meeting make!

At Blair appears that "desperado" John Roy Stewart, once a quartermaster in the Scots Greys, he whom the Prince called "The Body."

John Roy was a bit of a poet, and the following psalm is from his pen:

> "My enemies search for my den
> Like wolves keen to destroy;
> Rebuke, O Lord, these wicked men
> And save thy poor John Roy!"

A few days later at Perth a more important band of adherents march on to the stage.

First was Lord George Murray. "Proud, blunt, imperious, and of an over-bearing disposition," he was "tall and of a robust and vigorous constitution." Brave to a fault and with considerable military experience, he was always at loggerheads with the Prince, whom he did but little to conciliate. Many of the disasters which befell can be traced to this antagonism.

The Duke of Perth, "a silly race-horsing boy and of no consequence," was also, we are told, "a very sprightly though a tender Man, for a Barrel having rolled over him when a child, he received a bruise in his lungs by which he contracted so much weakness as to feel a sensible heaviness at his heart towards bedtime; when he usually took a little boiled milk and bread, or some such gentle food." "Six foot high, of a slender make, fair complexion and weakly constitution," the enemy had occasion to bless his familiarity with horses, for at Prestonpans "he mounted a fine bay mare which had won the King's Plate at Leith some years before, and taking a major of the Royalists along with him, rode like an arrow swiftly through the field and saved numbers." He died on board the ship which was taking the Prince back to France.

His brother, Lord John Drummond, also joined the Prince; and Lord Ogilvie, "Le Bel Ecossais," who outlived all the Jacobite leaders and died in 1803; Lord Strathallan, who fell at Culloden; and Oliphant of Gask. Lieutenant Fawlie of Fleming's Regiment was broke for plundering the house of the latter.

After Prestonpans, Lord Kilmarnock raised a troop of horse for the

Prince's service. "The Elegance of his Person, the Comeliness of his Features which were every way handsome, bespake internal Beauties." They did not, however, save him subsequently from the scaffold. Of the seventy-seven persons executed for their share in the '45 he alone confessed guilt or expressed repentance.

Lord Pitsligo, "the best husband, the best father, the best friend, the best subject in Great Britain," joined the Highland army in Edinburgh; also Lord Lewis Gordon. It was the former who, when starting to follow the Prince with his little troop of horse, having "weighed and weighed again" and decided on what he thought was the honourable course to pursue, removed his hat, and turning his face upwards for a moment "prayed aloud, 'O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just'—then turning to his followers he said quickly, 'March, gentlemen!'" Lord Elcho was another recruit, with "his air of savage ferocity," for ever smarting under the loss of his fifteen hundred guineas.

Of them all as they move about the old palace of Holyroodhouse in a transient gleam of glory, the Hon. Arthur Elphinstone, afterwards Lord Balmerino, is the most engaging. Even George II, pestered on all sides for the lives of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, cried, "Will no one say a word on behalf of Lord Balmerino? He, though a rebel, is at least an honest one!" "If we were to draw his character," runs a contemporary Hanoverian account, "abstracted from the consideration of his being an enemy of the present happy government, we should call him a blunt, resolute man who would, if his principles had not been tainted with Jacobitism, have appeared honest in the eyes of those who love sincerity; but he was not so happy as to be loyal. His person was very plain, his shape clumsy, but his make strong, and he had no marks about him of the polite gentleman, though his seeming sincerity recompensed all those defects. He was illiterate in respect of his birth, but rather from a total want of appreciation to letters than want of ability." Horace Walpole, in his "Letters," writes: "For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with calmness and humour. . . . When they were brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come. Put it with me.' . . . At getting into the coach he said to the gaoler, 'Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe!'" Brave and undaunted to the last, this gallant gentleman refused to plead for mercy and went

to the scaffold, composed and happy, crying, "God save King James!" Regarding those who had come to see him suffer he said, "I am afraid there are some who may think my behaviour bold; but (addressing a gentleman near him) remember, Sir, what I tell you—it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience." So this plain, honest gentleman passes from our view in his little tartan cap "to show that he dies a Scotsman," and we feel that with his passing went something sweet and not too common.

Of humbler rank was Sergeant Dickson, enlisted from among the prisoners taken at Prestonpans. He it was who marched alone into Manchester and, by his coolness and courage in the face of a hostile mob, enlisted a hundred and eighty recruits for the Prince. Only once does he appear again before the final scene in Edinburgh, when, during the retreat, his keen sight detects the English army and everyone refuses to believe him. There is something very likeable about Dickson. Some accounts state that he took with him, on his exploit in Manchester, a drummer boy and his mistress, though another account has it "mattress." If the lady indeed accompanied him she must have been possessed of a stout heart and a great faith in her sergeant!

Of the women who graced the '45, one name stands out. It is as well known as that of the Prince himself—Flora MacDonald. Twenty-eight years later Boswell describes her as "a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred." Her rescue of the Prince is the theme of innumerable songs and stories, and is too well known to need recapitulating here. "Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of low stature, of a fair complexion and well enough shaped."

Mrs. Jenny Cameron, who saw the standard raised at Glen Finnan, was a daughter of Hugh Cameron of Glen Dessary. In '45 she was a widow, "nearer fifty than forty years of age. She is a genteel, well look'd, handsome woman with a pair of pretty eyes, and hair as black as jet. She is of a very sprightly genius, and is very agreeable in conversation." Whether she ever met the Prince in person is extremely doubtful.

Margaret Johnston of Westerhall, who eloped with "The Bel Ecossais," was very popular in Edinburgh society, and was treated with great deference by Prince Charles. She was present at Culloden, and was imprisoned in June in Edinburgh Castle. Through the boldness of her sister Barbara, afterwards Lady Kinnaird, she made her escape from

there in November of the same year, in the dress of a serving-maid, and after various adventures reached safety in Holland.

Lady Lude, who entertained the Prince on his way south at Blair, according to Mr. Bisset, the factor, "behaves like a light giglot, and hath taken upon herself to be the sole mistress of the house."

During the period that he was in Scotland we hear but little of the Prince's intrigue with Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, though she figures largely at a later period of his life. She was the mother of his only child, a daughter, created by him Duchess of Albany.

Lady Mackintosh, "Colonel Ann," raised her clan under MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, who fell at Culloden. She it was who was responsible for "The Rout of Moy." Lady Fortrose, whose husband, like Lady Mackintosh's, was also a Hanoverian, did what she could and raised a few Mackenzies.

The most lasting picture of the beautiful Mrs. Murray of Broughton is at the proclamation of James as king, as she sits on her horse, a drawn sword in her hand, by the old Mercat Cross in Edinburgh.

At Culloden itself but few incidents stand out from the confusion of battle. We see the MacDonalds, their gallant leader dead, slashing at the heather with their swords. They were in a hopeless position, their right in the air owing to the advance of the Highland centre, their left menaced by the cavalry who had wheeled to the right of the Hanoverian line. Finally, when within a hundred yards of the enemy, they turn and march off the field, pipes playing, banners flying, carrying with them the dead body of their chief.

Gillies MacBean, his thigh broken, holds his enemies at bay in a gap in the dyke, until of the dragoons who surround him fourteen lie dead, including Lord Robert Ker, before he himself is slain. Even the Butcher himself is moved and gives utterance to the only generous sentiment which is recorded of him: "I wish you had spared that brave man!"

Kilmarnock, hatless and exhausted, surrenders, and Lord Boyd comes forward from the Hanoverian ranks, places his own hat on his father's head, and speechless returns to his place, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Lord George Murray, having lost his horse, his periwig and his bonnet, his coat slashed with sword cuts, and covered with blood and dirt, was one of the last to leave the field.

John Grant, long keeper of the inn at Aviemore, charged with the MacIntoshes. He used to tell that the first thing he saw of the enemy

was the long line of white gaiters belonging to an English regiment which was suddenly revealed, when about twenty yards from him, by a blast of wind which blew away the smoke. It is a vivid little incident which illumines the field of battle more sharply than many a more elaborate description.

Ronald MacDonald of Bellfinlay, stripped of his clothes, lay on the moor in the afternoon of the battle. Lady Findlater came driving by in her coach on the way to Inverness, and, seeing the wounded man, her coachman "made a lick at him with his whip as if he had been a dog."

Finally, there is the little group of horsemen hurrying the Prince away to the westward while the smoke of battle drifts sluggishly across the moor towards Inverness.

On the atrocities after Culloden there is no need to enlarge. Cumberland and his satellites, the infamous Hawley who was commonly supposed to be a natural son of George II, and Ferguson "The Black Captain," Huske, Scott, Lockhart and others, have left names which will be forever abhorred in Scotland. There is this to be remembered; we should judge an age by its own standards, and the standards of ethics and morality then were as different from our own as was the standard of education; it is only a hundred years ago that a child of fourteen was hanged for stealing half a crown.

The truth of the matter was that the English had had the fright of their lives, and they meant to take very good care it was not repeated. Newcastle writes to Chesterfield: "The Rebellion must be got the better of in such a manner that we must not have another the next year, and if the power of the Highlands is not absolutely reduced France may play the Pretender upon us whenever she pleases." The last sentence explains much that may puzzle anyone who reads of the events of this period for the first time.

Even Forbes of Culloden, the Lord President, statesman and patriot, says: "No severity that is necessary ought to be dispensed with. The omitting such severity is cruelty to the Kingdom."

The policy of 1715 had failed; Jacobitism had survived. This time there was to be no mistake.

Duncan Forbes of Culloden, "that old woman who talked to me about humanity," as the courtly Cumberland described him, was "by his industry and ability the most formidable enemy the House of Stewart at this time possessed." Though a Hanoverian in principle, he had the real interest of the Highlands at heart. Once the danger was past he

got but little reward for his pains. "All the President's services were not worth five shillings," airily remarked a General in Cumberland's army. "I thought," quietly answered Culloden, when this was repeated, "they were worth three crowns." He died, many thought of a broken heart, on December 10th, 1747. To him more than to any one man was due the failure of the Rising.

After Culloden the type of actor undergoes a change. Hitherto it has been the great men, chiefs and nobles who have held the stage. Now gather the common folk to play their brief parts, protecting their Prince often at the risk of their own lives.

"The Prince!" cried Mrs. MacDonald of Kingsburgh. "O Lord, we are a' ruined and undone for ever! We will a' be hanged now!"

"Hout, goodwife," said the honest stout soul (Kingsburgh), "we will die but once; and if we are hanged for this, I am sure we die in a good cause."

"I believe," Lochgarry wrote in his "Memorial," "no other nation in the world can produce common fellows who would do the like." He is alluding to the fact that no bribe would make them betray the Prince. On his head was a reward of £30,000; on that of his grand-uncle, Charles II, after the battle of Worcester, £10,000. Only one man was found ready to play the Judas, and he was the Rev. John MacAulay, Presbyterian minister in South Uist.

"The common class of men," to revert again to a contemporary opinion, "have always been more courteous and intelligent, more gallant in their manner and more scrupulous about personal honour than persons of that humble station in other countries." It is their honour, trust and loyalty which have shed a glamour over the '45 which will endure as long as the hills themselves. The truth of this contemporary opinion still stands to the credit of their descendants; it will be a bad day for Scotland when it is proved otherwise.

The first to attract our notice is Ned Bourk, or Burke, a common chairman of Edinburgh. He led the Prince from the field of Culloden and remained with him for two months. Over thirty before he could speak a word of English, he could neither read nor write, and died in Edinburgh in 1757.

Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill in the Isle of Skye was nearly seventy when he met the Prince. "The honest and faithful steersman of the eight-oar'd boat from the Continent to the Isles," he was engaged with the Prince for nine or ten weeks after Culloden.

On being told by General Campbell that £30,000 would have made him and his children happy for ever, he replied: "What then! £30,000! Though I had gotten 't I could not have enjoyed it eight and forty hours. Conscience would have gotten up upon me. That money could not have kept it down." To which the General replied: "I will not say that you are in the wrong."

Neil MacEachain, who was twenty-six in 1745, had been educated for the priesthood and was parish schoolmaster in Benbecula and tutor in Clanranald's family. This "good-natured and very timorous young man" was dining with Clanranald and the Rev. John MacAulay when the Prince reached Benbecula. He guided the Prince through South Uist and afterwards accompanied him to France, where he joined Ogilvy's Scots Regiment. This was disbanded in 1763, and the studious, well-read, musical Neil married a quick-tempered, penniless girl. They had four children, the only son who survived becoming Napoleon's famous Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum. In 1825 the latter visited Scotland.

They were stout men, these Highlanders of the '45; old MacKinnon was seventy-one when he became the father of two sons and a daughter, dying in 1756 at the age of seventy-five. "He frequently retired to the cave in which the Prince and he himself and his lady dined just before the Prince's leaving Sky in his sculking, and there he would have entertained himself with laying down a plan for the restoration, and with the execution thereof in theory, and then came home extremely well pleased."

Another MacKinnon, John of Elagol,

> "Bravely preferr'd innocent poverty
> To great riches
> Basely to be purchased
> At the expense of character."

He was brother-in-law to Malcolm MacLeod, and rescued the Prince on the shores of Loch Nevis. He died in 1762, aged forty-eight.

Of Captain Malcolm MacLeod of Brea, Boswell wrote many years later: "I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman." He was then aged sixty-two, "hale and well proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look fierce, but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured." He was with the Prince in

Raasay, was captured later, taken to London, and returned with Flora MacDonald.

Among others who befriended the Prince in his wanderings the Eight Men of Glen Moriston deserve mention. Their leader was Patrick Grant, two were MacDonnells (though one, a Campbell, had assumed the name on coming to live under the chieftainship of Glengarry, as was the frequent custom at this time), three were Chisholms, one a MacGregor, and the last a MacMillan. All had fought in the Highland army and had sworn a vow never to give up their arms nor to yield. To kill an informer, one Robert Grant, a Strathspey man, and to hang his head in a tree three miles from the Hanoverian headquarters at Fort Augustus was one of their most famous exploits. There the head remained for about a year. The Prince lived with them in a cave in Corrie Dho for a week, and they did not part with him for a much longer period. One of the Chisholms having taken his master's hand in farewell would never afterwards give his right hand to any man. Years later we get a pathetic little glimpse of one of them. In 1763 Mr. William M'Kenzy, a schoolmaster from Tain, was taking an airing along the banks of the River Glass when he met an aged man "who saluted me, as is ordinary in the Highlands, and asked if I had snuff." After some little talk the schoolmaster asked his name. It was John MacDonnell alias Campbell. It was a year or two before this that Patrick Grant, who had been taken by a press gang and sent to North America, returned to Glen Moriston.

The last view we get of the Prince in his "sculking" is in Cluny's famous Cage in Ben Alder. Here he was attended by Cluny himself, "a man of low stature, very square, and a dark brown complexion, of extreme good sense and inferior to none in the north of Scotland for capacity, greatly beloved by his clan, who are by all their neighbours allowed to be a sober, regular, sedate people. A man not only brave in the general acceptation of the word, but upon reflection and forethought determined and resolute with uncommon calmness," so said Murray of Broughton. Lochiel, who had been shot through both ankles at Culloden, was also in Cluny's Cage recovering from his wounds; Donald MacDonald of Lochgarry; Dr. Archibald Cameron, brother of Lochiel, who was to suffer execution in 1753; MacPherson of Breakachie, and several of Cluny's servants. After the Prince and his following had sailed for France, Cluny himself remained in hiding for nine years in Badenoch, on one occasion holding the horse of the officer who had come to capture him.

Whatever his faults, failings and weaknesses, the Prince's five months' wanderings had proved that he had a gaiety, courage and endurance—qualities which his grand-uncle had displayed under similar circumstances—which have handed his name down to posterity and won the love and affection of nearly all who befriended and sheltered him. Many of these, it is often forgotten, were, at any rate in theory, Hanoverians.

"It was after Culloden that Charles conquered Scotland," wrote Walter Biggar Blaikie, that great gentleman and Jacobite scholar.

"Charles, like all his race, was at his best in the heather." What was true of the second Charles was true also of his grand-nephew.

That he was at times downcast is little to be wondered at. There is something very touching in the pictures which suddenly develop as we read the contemporary accounts of the little band of fugitives: Ned Bourk playing the fool to amuse the Prince, and the latter snapping his finger and singing a strathspey while he skips nimbly, clapping his hands in order to cheer O'Neil. "Pull up your spirits, man. Never despair!" he cries, and O'Neil admits to a feeling of shame. Charles, when all was said and done, was the only one on whose head a price was set. For his companions, were they captured, there might be some slight hope; for him none.

"These officers don't know their duty," growled the Butcher, when some unfortunate prisoners were brought in. Yet the Prince "was always cheerful and contented in every condition," wrote Donald MacLeod, and crossing from the Long Isle to Skye he sings "The King shall enjoy his own again" and "The Twenty-ninth of May" in order to cheer his companions.

It is in his sleep that he moans and tosses, and cries "Scotland!"

In any comparison between Charles and Cumberland it is the victor who invariably suffers. The supposition that the famous "no quarter" order at Culloden was ever issued with Charles's knowledge or consent is against everything that we know of his character, and is expressly denied by the honest and high-minded Balmerino with his dying breath.

One of the great difficulties which he had to contend with was the disposal of his prisoners. He invariably treated them with consideration, and indignantly turned down the proposal that they should have the thumbs of their right hands cut off in order to render them useless for the handling of weapons. Instead, the majority he placed on parole, a parole which was set aside by an order of Cumberland. This order was accepted as an excuse by those who had given their word, save in the

case of one or two officers who ranked their honour more highly than did their General. It is unlikely, to put it mildly, that a man who would act thus would countenance a "no quarter" order. There is little or no doubt that it was forged to cover the proceedings of those who were engaged in the task of punishing participants in the Rising.

Charles, too, so far as lay in his power, paid for everything, while Cumberland and his officers took whatever they fancied. Witness Mrs. Gordon of Hallhead, with whom Hawley lodged when in Aberdeen. She gives a complete list of the goods of which she was robbed.

"Charles had the royal gift of remembering faces, even of the humblest," wrote Mr. Blaikie, and that this is true the following anecdote proves.

In the early 'seventies there came to Rome a Scots gentleman of noble family, the captain of a man-of-war. He expressed a desire to see the Prince, and a friend took him that night to the opera. Charles, who was present, espied him, and said to one of his company, "I will lay you any wager that that gentleman is a Scotsman."

His hearer expressed disbelief, so the Prince went up to the object of their conversation and enquired if he were not a Scots gentleman.

"Yes, Sir, I am."

Then, pointing to one at some distance, the Prince enquired if he were not the gentleman's servant. It appears that he was; that he had been in the gentleman's family for many years, and had never been out of Scotland before. "I think I know him," said Charles, and called the man up.

"Pray, friend," he asked, "did you not deliver a letter to me at Falkirk upon such a day?"

"Yes, Sir, I had the honour to do so," said the man.

"And this, not unnaturally," concludes the account, "made the captain all attention and astonishment."

That the Prince's character, after the '45, deteriorated rapidly it is unfortunately impossible to deny; it may also be said in mitigation, that there were many external causes responsible for that deterioration. The qualities by which he is remembered and loved were brought out by adversity: whether his character would have stood the test of prosperity and success it is idle to speculate. Very few characters can do this; but he was never tried. To the end he maintained his love for Scotland and his Highlanders, and mention of them so affected his disordered brain that he was thrown into convulsions. He lived to be an old man, dying

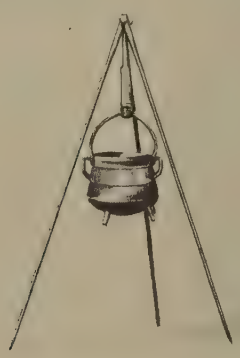
on January 31st, 1788. There are few more pathetic contrasts than the picture of the bright-faced, happy boy by Largillière, which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London, and the worn old man who looks out at you suspiciously from the portraits by Battoni and Ozias Humphrey.

He was buried in Rome by his weeping brother the Cardinal.

In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, George I was a robber, George II a fool, George III an idiot (though Johnson got a pension of £500 a year from the latter), and we might add, without much fear of contradiction, George IV a cad.

At least let it be remembered of the third of these worthies that, "with a charity as graceful as it was acceptable," he allowed the distressed Cardinal a pension of £4,000 a year. George IV did not "cause a stately monument from the chisel of Canova to be erected under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, to the memory of the last of the Stewarts." He contributed the munificent sum of fifty pounds!

These events happened long after the '45. It is to Bonnie Prince Charlie sailing to France from the shores of Loch-nan-Uamh, a few lingering hopes still left, that one bids farewell; not to the tired, pathetic old man with his box of sequins under his bed, waiting till the last for the summons which never came.



COOKING POT USED BY PRINCE CHARLES WHEN IN COMPANY WITH THE EIGHT MEN OF GLENMORISTON

THE PLATES

The Priory of Inchmahome

The Priory of Inchmahome was founded by Walter Comyn, Earl of Menteith, in 1238. Robert the Bruce visited it in 1306, 1308 and 1310. It was destroyed by John Knox in 1600.

A body found outside the walls and reinterred is reputed to have been that of Sir John Menteith, the betrayer of Sir William Wallace.

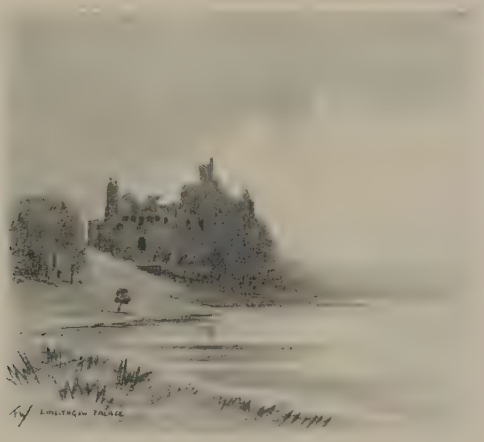
The infant Queen is said to have been attended here by the four Marys: Mary Seton, Mary Beton, Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone. Whether she held a little mimic court on the Island of Inchtalla; whether she learned her first lessons in needlework here under the tuition of the beautiful Lady Fleming, the natural daughter of James IV; whether, here, she first had lessons in foreign tongues or planted the box tree which bears her name or not, it is pleasant to picture the lovely little girl amid these peaceful surroundings and to recall her laughter and innocent play.

Of her four attendants Mary Livingstone married John Sempil; Mary Fleming—she who slept with the Queen after the death of Chastelard the poet, and was loved by her the best—Maitland of Lethington; Mary Seton, the daughter of Mme. de Briaute, remained unwed; and Mary Beton was united to Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne. After her death Lady Jane Gordon, who had married, first, Bothwell and afterwards, in 1573, the Earl of Sutherland, returned to her old and first love and became Ogilvie's second wife in 1599. As Andrew Lang wrote: "Their conversation must have been rich in curious reminiscences. The loves and hatreds of their youth were extinct; the wild hearts of Bothwell, Mary, Mary Beton, Lethington, Darnley and the rest had ceased to beat, and these two were left, Darby and Joan, alone in a new world."

THE PRIORY OF INCHMAHOME, LAKE OF MENTEITH, LOOKING SOUTH

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

Mary, Queen of Scots, was removed here after the battle of Pinkie Cleugh, September 10th, 1547, in which the Protector Somerset completely routed the Scots. Here she remained, according to her friend, John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, for three weeks. It was one of the few brief periods of happiness she was ever to experience. It was here, or just after she had left the island on her return to Stirling Castle, that the negotiations for her marriage to the Dauphin were completed.



Loch Leven Castle

Queen Mary knew Loch Leven well. Here she had met Knox, and "not far from its shores she had had her one pleasant interview with him" (Hay Fleming). She was escorted here by Patrick Lindsay of the Byres, Moray's brother-in-law, and William Ruthven, the son of Patrick, Rizzio's murderer, who was then dead. They were two of the biggest ruffians in the syndicate which brought about her downfall. These were they who, with Sir Robert Melville, forced upon her the deed of abdication. Lindsay threatened to cut her into collops and throw her into the loch to feed the fishes if she refused. "I am not yet twenty-five!" sobbed the poor girl, and, completely in their power, on July 24th signed the deed. On July 29th James was crowned at Stirling.

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE AND THE LOMONDS FROM THE WEST

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

In this island castle Queen Mary was imprisoned after her surrender at Carberry to the Lords of the Congregation on June 17th, 1567. Following one attempt which was discovered, she escaped on May 2nd, 1568, with the help of "Little Willie Douglas." On May 13th the Battle of Langside was fought, in which the Regent Moray was victorious and Mary fled to the tender mercies of Elizabeth.

Craigmillar Castle

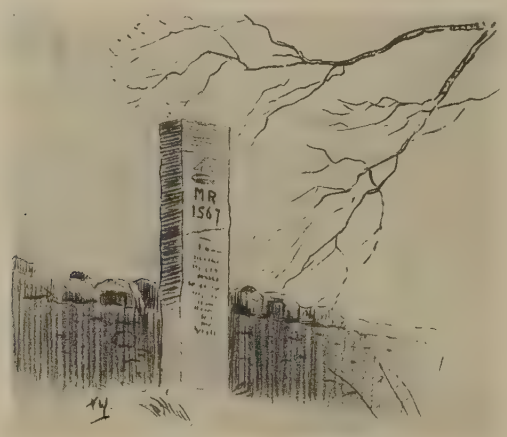
Craigmillar Castle is not the least interesting of those connected with the Stuarts.

It is first mentioned in 1137 when David I gave some houses and land to the Holy Trinity Church of Dunfermline. Nearly two hundred and fifty years later, in 1371, it passed from John de Capella into the hands of Simon Preston. In his family it remained until 1661, when it was acquired by Sir John Gilmour. It is still owned by his descendant, General Sir Robert Gilmour. It was in the home of Sir Simon Preston, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, that Queen Mary was imprisoned the night before she was taken to Loch Leven.

In 1477 the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Mar, brothers of James III, were arrested on a charge of treason. The Duke escaped, but Mar was imprisoned at Craigmillar and never left the castle alive.

Part of it was burned by Hertford in 1544. James VI was the last royal personage to lodge within its walls, and here he planned his matrimonial tour to Denmark.

At the end of the eighteenth century it was partly inhabited, but is now entirely a ruin.



INSCRIPTION ON STONE AT MARY'S MOUNT, CARBERRY HILL:

"M.R. 1567.

AT THIS SPOT MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AFTER THE ESCAPE OF BOTHWELL, MOUNTED HER HORSE AND SURRENDERED HERSELF TO THE CONFEDERATE LORDS, JUNE 15, 1567"

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

Queen Mary spent much of her time at Craigmillar, and in Little France close by were quartered her French retainers. Within its walls was drawn up the band for Darnley's murder, and to this place it was proposed that he should come, just prior to his death, when he was recovering from smallpox or an even more loathsome disease. Instead Kirk O'Field was selected.

The Glen of Weeping

The inscription on the memorial to the MacDonalds of Glencoe by the Bridge of Coe reads as follows:

"This cross is reverently erected in memory of McIan, chief of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, who fell with his people in the Massacre of Glencoe, February 13, 1692, by his direct descendant, Ellen Burns MacDonald of Glencoe, August, 1883.

"Their memory liveth for evermore."

THE DESERTED GLEN, AFTER THE '45

THE GLEN OF WEEPING

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

This view of Glencoe is taken looking towards the scene of the Massacre. The site of the latter is indicated by the sign seen just beyond the figure in the sketch.

Eilean Donan Castle

Eilean Donan Castle is of great antiquity, having been built, according to tradition, under the orders of Alexander II (1214-1249), by a Lord of the Isles as a place of defence against the Norsemen. Robert the Bruce is said to have been sheltered here by John Mackenzie, second of Kintail, who died 1328. The scene of many a siege, after the execution of Charles I the Scottish Parliament placed a garrison in the castle in 1650. In 1653 it was taken over by Cromwell. During the '15 it was captured by the Government troops, but was retaken by stratagem shortly before the battle of Sheriffmuir.

In May, 1719, Captain Boyle of His Majesty's Ship "Worcester," gives the following account of the attack and destruction of Eilean Donan Castle:

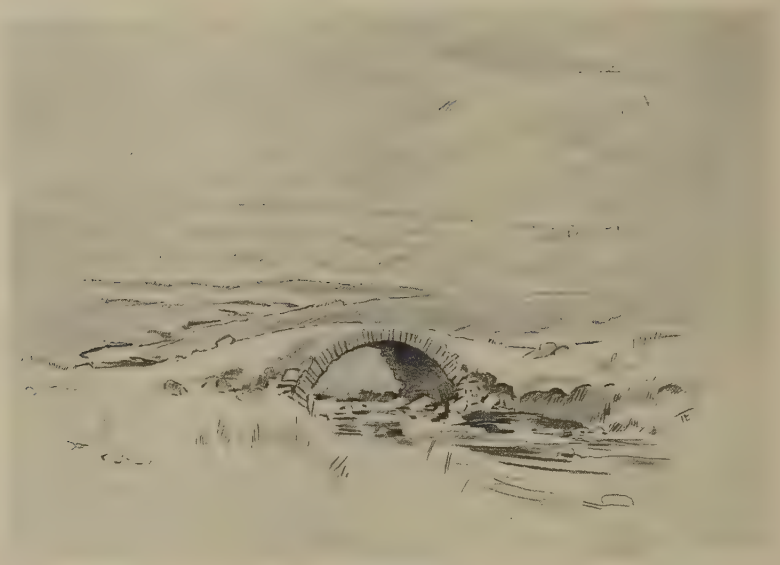
"Sir,

"Be pleased to acquaint their Lordships that upon a Consultation held on board the 'Assistance' on the 6th day of May, 1719, then present, Capt. Holland, Capt. Eaton, Capt. Boyle, Capt. Herdman, and Capt. Hildesley, it was unanimously agreed that I should proceed with the 'Worcester' (50 guns), 'Enterprize' (40 guns), and 'Flamborough' (24 guns), South about Sky, while the other two went North, being informed that a Regiment of Spaniards consisting of 400 men with about 140 English and Scotch Gentlemen under the Command of the Rebel Tullybarden, were landed at Kingtaile on the Main within Sky, and after parting with the 'Assistance' (50 guns) and 'Dartmouth' (50 guns), by further information gain'd, that there was a Regiment of Spaniards as above mentioned opposite to the Castle of Donnain, and had Garrison'd the said Castle with a Capt., Lieut., and 48 men.

"I immediately proceeded to the same place where I arrived with the other two Men of War the 10th instant, and at 9 in the morning I sent my Lieut. on Shore to demand the Castle with a Flagg of Truce, which they immediately fired at, upon which we began to fire upon the Castle, above [*sic*] 4 in the afternoon a Deserter waved to us who inform'd us the Camp was about four thousand seven hundred men and daily gathering more, at 8 in the evening we made a great Discharge of our Cannon upon the Castle, and under that Cover sent my Lieut., Mr. George Weston and Mr. Robert Wheatly, Second Lieut. of the 'Enterprize,' in our Boats Man'd and Armed a shore under the foot of the Castle, which they attack'd and took after a small resistance, and thinking it proper the Camp being within two miles to blow it up without loss of time. Capt. Herdman was immediately sent a shore upon that service, which he performed with good success, after having sent of the Prisoners, 343 Barrels of Powder, and 52 Barrels Musquet Shot, two hundredweight each, with some baggs of meal, likewise have burnt several barns, etc., where they had a quantity of Corn for the use of their Camp. I sent Capt. Hildesley sometime before with the Ship under his Command about 3 Leagues further up the Lake where I had intelligence of a great quantity of ammunition being lodged near the Water Tide, and had the good fortune upon his first appearing to see the Rebels set fire to a

great quantity of Powder and other Amunition, by the success of which we judge they are Depriv'd of the greatest part of their Amunition. This comes to your hand by Mr. Robert Jolly whom I appointed to act as Second Lieut., the first being under Confinement for neglect of Duty, the 'Flamborough' lands him at the first Port he can get too with safety, all Passes being stopt for thirty miles round this place, and have likewise sent the Prisoners in with the 'Flamborough.'

"I am, Sir,
"Your most obedt. Servt.,
"C. Boyle."



WADE'S BRIDGE

EILEAN DONAN CASTLE

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

The view is taken from the road above the shore, looking west towards Skye, which can be seen beyond Loch Alsh. The Jacobite forces landed in Kintail April 5th, 1719, and encamped on the mainland opposite the Castle. The Castle, until recently, has been in a ruinous condition. It has now been restored.

Glenshiel, June 10th, 1719

Cut off from the sea by the destruction of Eilean Donan, the Jacobite forces advanced eastward up Loch Duich towards Kintail. Receiving news of the advance of General Wightman from Inverness, the Marquis of Tullibardine determined to make a virtue of necessity and force an action in Glen Shiel. The Jacobite forces numbered 300 Spanish regulars and about 1,600 Highlanders, and "even these not very fond of their enterprise !" The Hanoverians consisted of 850 infantry, comprising 150 Grenadiers, 14th Foot (Clayton's Regiment), 50 men of the 15th Foot, the 11th Foot (Huffel's Dutch Regiment), and 4 companies of Amerongen's Regiment. There were in addition 136 Highlanders, 120 Scots Greys, and 4 cohorns or mortars. These latter were carried in tumbrils, had a bore of about 4¼ ins., weighed 88 lbs., and fired an 8-lb. shell. Their range was about 900 yards.

General Wightman 's forces moved on the scene of action at 2 p.m., and at 6 p.m. the General moved forward with, on his left and across the River Shiel, Clayton's Regiment, 80 Highlanders, and the Scots Greys under Major Patrick Robertson. The latter deserved great credit, for he had done the march without having a single horse unfit for action. On the right wing were the remainder of the infantry and behind them the mortars. Clayton's Regiment and their Highland allies began the attack and suffered heavily in taking the heights. The former with the dismounted Scots Greys attacked the Spanish trenches, which had suffered from the fire of the mortars, while the right wing fired on the fugitives from the higher ground. The action resolved itself into a series of skirmishes, pursuing a retiring enemy from rock to rock ! The Jacobites claimed to have lost but 10 men, but the Hanoverian casualties were 21 killed, including 1 officer, and 121 wounded. The Spaniards retired to the high ground behind their lines, and a small corrie on the north side of Sgurr-na-Ciste Dubh is still known as the Spaniard's Corrie (Bealach-na-Spanteach). The following day 274 surrendered (the remainder, presumably, being casualties) under a flag of truce, though the officer who commanded a detachment of the Galician Regiment wished to continue the action.

PRINCE CHARLES'S SHIELING

GLEN SHIEL. JUNE 10TH, 1719

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

The view is taken looking towards the Jacobite position from a spot close to the River Shiel.

Prince Charlie's Landing Place

Few places are more intimately connected with Prince Charlie than Loch-nan-Uamh and Borradale. It was here that he landed in the afternoon of "St. James's Day," July 25th, 1745, and from here that he sailed to France. To this spot he returned on April 21st, after Culloden, and wrote his farewell letter to the chiefs, before sailing to Benbecula. He visited it once more on July 10th, after his wanderings in Skye, and again for the last time on September 19th, ere leaving Scotland for ever.

A VISITOR FROM FRANCE

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LANDING-PLACE, LOCH-NAN-UAM—LOOKING SOUTH

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

The cave in which he afterwards hid on his return from Skye lies about a quarter of a mile inland between the shore and Borrodale House. The house was burned by Capt. Ferguson. The part used by the Prince, at the east end, still remains in much the same condition as it did then.

Glen Finnan

The Prince arrived at Glen Finnan from Glen Aladale in the morning and spent some hours in a state of dejection awaiting the arrival of the chiefs who had promised their support. James Mor MacGregor was one of the first to arrive, to be followed by MacDonald of Morar with a body of Clanranald's men. Cameron of Lochiel and MacDonald of Keppoch brought a large body of Highlanders, and in their presence and that of a small body of spectators the standard was unfurled by the Duke of Atholl.

Captain Stapleton, who had been captured while on his way to take up the command at Fort William, was an unwilling spectator of the scene, having been conducted thither by Gordon of Glenbucket. Murray of Broughton, the Prince's Secretary, had joined him on the previous day at Kinlochmoidart.

GLEN FINNAN

Inscription on the Monument.

"On the spot where Prince Charles Edward first raised his standard on the 19th day of August, 1745, when he made the daring and romantic attempt to recover a throne lost by the imprudence of his ancestors, this column was erected by Alexander MacDonald, Esq., of Glenaladale, to commemorate the generous zeal, the undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity of his forefathers and the rest of those who fought and bled in that arduous and unfortunate enterprise." This Latin inscription was composed by Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, and is also repeated in Gaelic and in English.

GLENFINNAN—LOOKING WEST

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

The standard was raised here and James VIII proclaimed King during the afternoon of August 19th, 1745. The actual spot was slightly to the right of the flat ground shown at the side of the sketch. The picture was painted from the top of the knoll, on the south side of the R. Callop, above the landing-stage.

Highbridge

Highbridge, spanning the River Spean, was on the road from Fort Augustus to Fort William and was built by General Wade in 1736. It is less than a mile from the modern Spean Bridge. The Spean here runs through a gloomy and narrow gorge, and of all the places connected with the '45 none is so eerie or holds such an atmosphere of melancholy as this ruined bridge, rising nearly 100 feet above the river. Two companies of recruits of the Royal Scots, stationed at Perth, had been ordered to strengthen the garrison at Fort William. MacDonald of Tiendrish, having been sent to intercept them, occupied the southern end of the bridge with a dozen men and a piper. Their appearance and cries so alarmed the advancing Hanoverians that they hastily retreated in the direction of Loch Lochy, leaving a sergeant and a private who had been sent to reconnoitre in the hands of the Highlanders. Tiendrish, who had been reinforced by Keppoch, made a rapid march out of sight of the road and cut them off at Loch Lochy. The entire force was captured on the flat ground between the former loch and Loch Oich and was taken to Achnacarry, the seat of Lochiel.

ROYAL SCOTS SENTRY

HIGHBRIDGE—THE SCENE OF THE FIRST ACTION OF THE '45, AUGUST 16TH, 1745

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

The bridge has been in a ruinous condition since about 1913 ; *it was last repaired in* 1894. *The southern span has now collapsed*

St. George's Bridge at Garvamore

General Wade constructed six principal roads, of which that through the Corrieyairick was one of the most important. They were as follows:

1.	Fort William to Fort Augustus ..	30 miles.
2.	Fort Augustus to Inverness	31 ,,
3.	Inverness to Dunkeld	101 ,,
4.	Crieff to Dalnacardoch	44 ,,
5.	Dalwhinnie to Fort Augustus	31 ,,
6.	Cat Lodge to Ruthven Barracks ..	8 ,,
	Total	245 miles.

The Roman method was followed, knolls and moors being passed without considering steep gradients or mossy bogs. Bridges were not, at first, thought to be necessary, fords being used. Later these were found unsatisfactory and bridges were constructed. Many of them still stand, such as that shown in the sketch, and are as graceful and pleasing to the eye as their modern substitutes are ugly and unsightly. It is strange that modern engineers, in many cases, seem unable to combine beauty of line with utility. The most important of Wade's bridges were those over the Tay at Aberfeldy, and Highbridge over the Spean.

The formation of the roads was bitterly opposed by the chiefs, who resented the opening up of the country with the resultant weakening of their feudal power. They also considered that the use of bridges would make their followers effeminate and less hardy; humbler folk believed the hard surface rendered their horses less serviceable by wearing down their hooves, an objection upheld by the poorest Highlanders, for similar reasons, accustomed as they were to travel barefoot. Objections grew less when the roads were actually made, the Highland chiefs using them freely and travelling in their own carriages to London, the journey occupying two months each way. Wade himself retired three years after the roads were made, but after the '45 his work was continued, an additional 750 miles of road being completed in 1790.

The Fort Augustus-Inverness road followed the east shore of Loch Ness, and a galley was placed on the loch carrying eighty soldiers and eight "pattararoes," some of which are now in front of Glen Moriston House, which was destroyed by fire in the summer of 1930.

The general line of the roads constructed by Wade is followed, in many cases, by those of the present day. From these it is often possible to trace the routes of their predecessors. Lord Townsend, in 1726, travelled in a coach and six over the Fort Augustus-Inverness road to the wonder of the local inhabitants, who considered the coachman the most important person of the party.

The cost of Wade's roads was estimated at £22,730.

ST. GEORGE'S BRIDGE AT GARVAMORE

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

The view looking due west. Craig Mhor is seen in the middle distance beyond the western end of the bridge, with the lower slopes of Buidh Aonach on the left of the sketch.

A party of Camerons was sent from Garvamore to capture MacPherson of Cluny, whose house lies between the eastern end of the pass and Newtonmore.

"We marched smartly to Garvamore."—Loch Garry's narrative.

The Corrieyairick Pass

The Corrieyairick Pass rises from Garvamore just beyond Glen Shirra to a height of 2,507 feet between Corrieyairick and Carn Leac. It descends through Glen Tarff to the Great Glen just above Fort Augustus. From Garvamore to Culachy is about eight miles, the distance from Dalwhinnie to Fort Augustus through the Pass being thirty-one miles. Hearing that Sir John Cope was advancing from Dalwhinnie, the Prince sent part of the army to hold the Pass before he could reach it. It had already been decided that it was more important to advance on Edinburgh through Athole and Perth than to strike north to Inverness. Cope, hearing that the Pass was held, retreated and made for Inverness over the Slochd. The Prince was at first tempted to try and cut him off by a forced march, but, realising that he had a long start, advanced on Edinburgh with his entire army.

GROUP OF TREES MARKING THE SITE OF THE RETIREMENT OF SIR JOHN COPE

THE CORRIEYAIRICK PASS AND THE HEADWATERS OF THE RIVER SPEY—
LOOKING WEST

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

The main road from east to west in the Highlands at the time of the '45. The view is taken from a spot between Mealgarbha and Garvamore. The eastern end of the Pass can be seen to the left of the green hill, Craig Mhor, with Carn Leac just beyond.

The Battle of Falkirk

After the retreat of the Highland Army to the north, in spite of rags, no shoes, little pay and constant desertions, it was still to prove itself a match for twelve battalions of English infantry (some of whom were veterans of Flanders), to say nothing of three regiments of Dragoons and the Argyllshire Highlanders and Glasgow militia.

At the beginning of January, 1746, General Henry Hawley was given command of this force finally to stamp out the rebellion. Hawley had distinguished himself at Fontenoy and was a good cavalry soldier, but most unpopular with his men. Even in those days of drastic severity he was known in the army as "Hangman" Hawley. The fact of his previous success with cavalry, over-confident as he was of their powers, was to prove his undoing at Falkirk. Repeatedly warned of the approach of the Highland forces, he nevertheless spent the morning with the lovely Countess of Kilmarnock, a well-known partisan of Prince Charles's cause. At last, with head uncovered and his face flushed with wine, he galloped up to his army to take command. His cavalry he ordered to take the high ground before the Highlanders. It was a race, won by the Highlanders. Nothing daunted, the English horse advanced in the teeth of the wind and rain to be received at pistol range with a volley which emptied many saddles, especially the officers'. With the exception of one squadron who got home with the sword, only to find themselves outmatched by dirk, claymore and superior numbers, the whole of the cavalry fled. In their flight they galloped over their own infantry, so that the latter were already shaken before the Highlanders got to close quarters. After one straggling volley (half the muskets would not fire owing to the drenching rain) the infantry also turned and ran. The fight lasted but ten minutes, and that it was not a complete rout was due to three battalions on the flank, who, with one squadron of Dragoons, poured volleys into the flank of the victors. Losses: English, 280; Highlanders, 32 killed, 130 wounded.

STIRLING CASTLE

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

The Battle of Falkirk, January 17th, 1746, was fought in the dusk of a wet and windy winter's day. It is remarkable for being one of the few historical occasions on which infantry charged cavalry. The dreaded claymore of Prince Charles' Highlanders was as successful then against cavalry as it was on other occasions against musket and bayonet. Falkirk was really a rearguard action fought to check Cumberland, who was in hot pursuit. It did definitely check him, but it was the last flicker before the rout of Culloden (April 16th, 1746). Neither Falkirk nor Culloden are battle honours borne by any British regiment, and who would want to include the former, anyway, in view of what happened?

The Battle of Culloden

Culloden Field today has greatly changed since the fatal morning of April 16th, 1746. The heather has disappeared before the advance of cultivation and the battlefield is cut up into fields surrounded by stone dykes, not that these obstacles were entirely absent even then, since the stone walls on the left of the English line are specifically mentioned as having been pulled down by the Argyll militia to let the English cavalry through. (A dyke in Scotland is a stone wall, not a ditch as in England.)

On April 15th, Cumberland's birthday, an abortive night attack was made on his camp at Nairn. The Highland army, starved, weary and dispirited, numbered little more than 5,000 men. Many had deserted, many had not yet arrived, and the organisation was deplorable. The attack was late in starting, and, realising that it was impossible to surprise the enemy, Lord George Murray ordered a return to Culloden. Hardly had they arrived back, completely exhausted, than the Hanoverian army was seen advancing. A worse position for irregular troops to withstand the attack of trained soldiers can scarcely be imagined. In less than half an hour all was over. Prince Charlie was forced off the field and rode down Strath Nairn, fording the river at Failie. At Gortuleg, below Aberchalder, he met Lovat "and took three glasses of wine" with him. That night he reached Invergarry and the next day Loch Arkaig.

A large body of Highlanders, under Lord George Murray, marched in good order to Ruthven (Kingussie). Here they received orders from the Prince to shift for themselves. The majority of the stragglers and wounded were mercilessly butchered by Cumberland's orders on the days succeeding the battle, whilst four men of the 14th Foot, one of the Royals (4th), and four from Guise's Regiment were hanged on April 18th at Inverness for having deserted to the Prince's army after the battle of Falkirk.

LEANACH FARM, CULLODEN

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

The sketch shows the extreme right of the Hanoverian line. Pulteney's Regt. (now the 13th) are firing on the MacDonalds. The latter, deprived of their customary post of honour on the right of the line, refused either to advance or retire. In the middle distance is Culloden's house, hidden in trees, with Kingston's Horse advancing across the policies. Inverness is on the left of the Moray Forth ; to the right is the Black Isle, and in the far distance the hills of the Western Highlands.

In the foreground are the three ranks firing. Sergeants are behind, the officers being behind them and on the flanks. In the centre is the Lt.-Colonel on foot and the colours. The Major is mounted, with the orderly drummer beside him. The other drummers were divided up in the rear of the line.

Of the battle it is sufficient to say here, that for the first time, the weather deserted the Highlanders. A fine morning turned to gusts of snow and sleet, driving in their faces and blowing the smoke of their opponents towards them from the east. They endeavoured to avoid this by manœuvring to windward, but were out-manœuvred by the Hanoverians. The desperate charge of the Highlanders was blown to shreds by concentrated artillery and infantry fire. At only one or two points did they reach the bayonets, when Barrel's and Munro's regiments were badly mauled. The total English losses were 43 killed and 236 wounded, whilst the Highlanders left 1,500 dead on the field, and many more were slain in pursuit.

The French officers and men surrendered to Kingston's Horse.

Loch Arkaig

Loch Arkaig runs almost due east and west and figures largely in the history of the '45. Here was hidden the treasure which is still being sought, though the bulk of it was removed long ago. Landed by two French ships on May 3rd, at Borradale, it amounted to 40,000 louis d'ors, and was in charge of Murray of Broughton.

Prince Charlie was first at Loch Arkaig the day after Culloden, April 17th, 1745. He was in sight of it again on July 19th, and came again to Achnasual on August 15th, remaining in the neighbourhood for some time. He passed it for the last time on September 17th before leaving Scotland for ever.

AFTER CULLODEN: FUGITIVES

LOCH ARKAIG—LOOKING WEST

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

The sketch is taken from beyond Achnasual, at the east end of the Loch and a mile or so from Achnacarry, looking straight up the Loch towards Glen Dessary.

Ruthven Barracks

"Ruthven Castle—once the seat of the Comyns—was later owned by the Wolf of Badenoch, and later still by the Earls of Huntly, when it was a favourite resort of Mary, Queen of Scots. It was purchased by the Government in 1718 and converted into Barracks" (John Matheson.)

"TACKSMAN" AND SECOND-LINE HIGHLANDERS

RUTHVEN BARRACKS—KINGUSSIE—LOOKING SOUTH-WEST

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

Against the Prince's wish the barracks had been besieged by Dr. Archibald Cameron, Col. O'Sullivan and a hundred men on the way south to Edinburgh. The attack, partly undertaken in the hope of obtaining oatmeal, had been repulsed by Sergt. Molloy and his small garrison of twelve men. Neither side had any cannon.

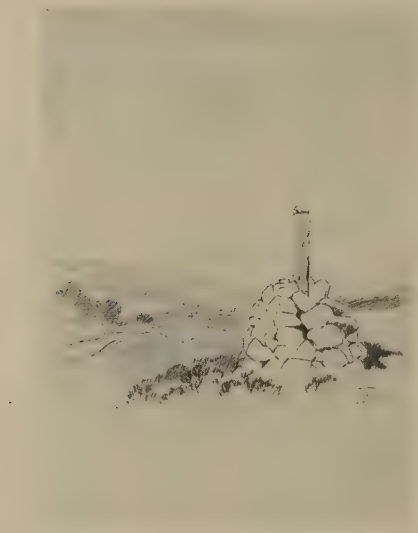
After the retreat from Derby the barracks were captured, February 10th, 1746, by that old fire-eater, Gordon of Glenbucket, "an old man, well-crouched and not very tall," and burnt to the ground.

The sketch is taken from the eastern side of the barracks looking towards the Monadhliath range.

Glen Affaric

Of the three beautiful glens, Affaric, Cannich, and Glen Strath Farrar, which run out of Strath Glass, the former is usually considered the most lovely. Wooded for a considerable portion of its length, it ends westward in wild mountain scenery which is scarcely surpassed in a land famous throughout the world for magnificent views. The confines of Affaric stretch into Kintail—the Rough Bounds—and descend through Glen Lichd to the shores of Loch Duich.

The Prince passed into the glen through the hills on the left of the sketch, after leaving Ceannacroc and the "care of the eight men of Glen Moriston." He travelled down the north side, beneath the shadow of Sgurr-na-Lapaich to the woods of Fasnakyle, then moving south to Badenoch before his final departure to France.



MACKENZIE'S GRAVE

Roderick Mackenzie, a young Jacobite, was pursued by soldiers and overtaken close to Ceannacroc. Mortally wounded, with his dying breath he exclaimed: "You have slain your Prince!" His head was cut off and carried to Fort Augustus before the deception was discovered. This act of heroism gave the Prince a much-needed respite from pursuit and enabled him eventually to escape.

GLEN AFFARIC

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

The view looking up Loch Affaric towards the west. Ben Attow is seen in the distance with the "Five Sisters of Kintail" which rise just above Glen Shiel, beyond. On the right are the lower slopes of Sgurr-na-Lapaich.

Fasnakyle and Strath Glass

In the woods of Fasnakyle the Prince spent several days, ascending one of the hills, probably on the north side of Glen Cannich, in order to see if the messengers from Poolewe with news of French aid were on their way to meet him. Hearing that they had gone to Lochiel's country, he travelled south, eventually sheltering in Cluny's "Cage" on Ben Alder. Glen Cannich was the most northerly point reached in his wanderings.

A HIGHLAND PRISONER

FASNAKYLE AND STRATH GLASS—LOOKING NORTH-WEST

From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. Frank Wallace

The sketch is taken from Kerrow Brae looking north-west. The woods of Fasnakyle are on the left with the small white farmhouse of Comar showing on the edge of the fields. Here tradition says the Prince spent a night. The gorge on the right leads to Glen Cannich, with, above it, Ben Acharain.

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THE Bibliography of Queen Mary and of the '45, with the history of which this book chiefly deals, is extensive, and from many of the standard works I have quoted freely. The late Walter Biggar Blaikie's "Itinerary" has been invaluable, also "The Lyon in Mourning," at times almost Biblical in its language and sincerity, a book to which every student of the period owes an incalculable debt. Other works which have been consulted are:

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